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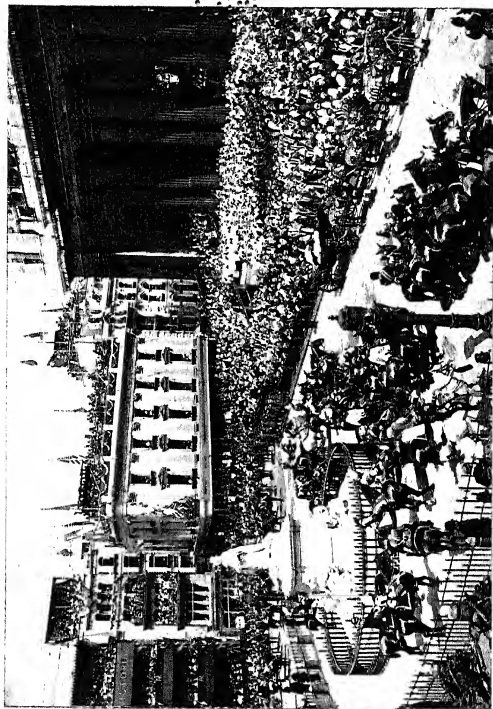
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Stories of Famous Songs

By
S. J. Adair Fitz-Gerald

In Two Volumes
Vol. II

Illustrated

"All great song has been sincere song"

RUSKIN

Philadelphia & London
J. B. Lippincott Company

1901

WILLIAMSON'S SILVER COMPASS

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Stories of Famous Songs



CHAPTER I

SOME OLD SONGS AND SOME NEW

“WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MY PRETTY MAID?”
“THE BRITISH GRENADIERS,” “WHY ARE YOU
WANDERING HERE, I PRAY,” “DUMBLEDUM
DERRY,” “THOUGH LOST TO SIGHT TO MEMORY
DEAR,” “THE JOLLY MILLER,” “SANDS O’_DEE,”
“MY LODGING IS ON THE COLD GROUND,”
“CHERRY RIPE,” “IF DOUGHTY DEEDS,” “DOWN
AMONG THE DEAD MEN,” “BLACK EY’D SUSAN,”
“HOW STANDS THE GLASS AROUND,” “D’YE
KEN JOHN PEEL?” “TOM MOODY,” “I’LL HANG
MY HARP ON THE WILLOW TREE,” “THE SONG
OF THE SHIRT,” “THE PAUPER’S DRIVE,” “THE
IVY GREEN,” “THE LOST CHORD,” “ONCE AGAIN,”
“THE VAGABOND,” “SOME DAY”

LESS than ninety years ago, “Where are you going, my Pretty Maid?” was one of the most popular songs of the country and the town. It was sung everywhere—in the cottage, in the field, in the street, and in the drawing-room; and now one seldom comes across it even in

books of favourite songs. It is not to be found in the "Universal Songster," 1825, nor "The Book of English Songs," 1854, nor Dr. Mackay's "Thousand and One Gems of Song," 1886, nor in that curious collection, "The Thousand Best Songs in the World," selected by S. W. Cole, of Melbourne, and published some half-a-dozen years ago. Now and again one meets it in an old school book, but rarely in any new volume of good old English songs. The history and origin of the words and music are enveloped in a maze of uncertainty, though variations by the dozen have appeared from time to time. In "Mother Goose's Nursery Rhymes" there is a version slightly different from what has been generally accepted as the original. The first verse runs :

“ ‘Oh, where are you going,
My pretty maiden fair,
With your red rosy cheeks,
And your coal black hair?’
‘I’m going a-milking,
Kind sir,’ says she ;
‘And it’s dabbling in the dew
Where you’ll find me.’ ”

“Mother Goose” was a native of Boston, in Massachusetts, and the authoress of many quaint nursery rhymes. Mother Goose’s

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maiden name was Elizabeth Foster, and she was born in Massachusetts in 1665. She married Isaac Goose when about twenty years old, and she died in 1757. Mother Goose used to sing her rhymes to her grandson; and Thomas Fleet, her brother-in-law, printed and published the first edition of her nursery rhymes, entitled, "Songs for the Nursery; or, Mother Goose's Melodies," in 1716. Now, as a variant of the lyric may be found in Pryce's "Archæologica Cornu-Britannica," issued in 1790 with a note to the effect that it was sung at Cardew in 1698 by one Chygwyn, brother-in-law to Mr. John Gross, of Penzance, it is just possible that some ancestors of Mother Goose carried the song away with them to America, and she may have partly remembered the words which are so essentially English in tone and expression. Perhaps some of the Pilgrim Fathers, who emigrated in 1620 in the Mayflower, took away the old piece—Massachusetts, it will be remembered, being one of the first places colonized.

The words given in the work just referred to are as follows :

“ ‘Where are you going, my pretty fair maid?’ said he ;
 ‘With your pretty white face and your yellow hair?’
 ‘I’m going to the well, sweet sir,’ said she ;
 ‘For strawberry leaves make maidens fair.’ ”

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This is very similar to another version given in Warne's Mother Goose's collection :

“ ‘Where are you going,
My pretty maid,
With your rosy cheeks,
And golden hair ?’
‘ I’m going a-milking,
Sir,’ she said ;
‘ For strawberry leaves
Make maidens fair.’ ”

Some discussion on the subject took place in the pages of “Notes and Queries,” in 1870, when one correspondent said he had known it personally more than sixty years, and had heard it sung in Monmouthshire by a youth ; and that he recollected an old woman born more than a century previously to 1870 who used to sing the song, and probably learnt it in her childhood.

This is the version to which this writer alludes :

“ ‘Where are you going, my pretty maid ?’
‘ I’m going a-milking, sir,’ she said,
‘ Sir,’ she said, ‘ sir,’ she said ;
‘ I’m going a-milking, sir,’ she said.

“ ‘What is your fortune, my pretty maid ?’
‘ My face is my fortune, sir,’ she said,
‘ Sir,’ she said, etc.

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“ ‘Then I won’t marry you, my pretty maid.’
‘Nobody asked you, sir,’ she said,
‘Sir,’ she said, etc.

“ ‘Then I must leave you, my pretty maid.’
‘The sooner the better, sir,’ she said,
‘Sir,’ she said, etc.’”

But this is not the whole of the song. As usually recognized, there are three additional verses which come between the first and second as given above. They are:

“ ‘May I go with you, my pretty maid?’
‘Yes, if you please, kind sir,’ she said.

“ ‘What is your father, my pretty maid?’
‘My father’s a farmer, sir,’ she said.

“ ‘Shall I marry you, my pretty maid?’
‘Yes, if you please, kind sir,’ she said.”

and then follow the second, third, and fourth verses of the lines already quoted.

This same version was published in the “Musical Treasury” by G. H. Davidson, Peter’s Hill, Doctor’s Commons, quite sixty years ago, together with “Billy Lackaday’s Lament,” from James Kenney’s “Sweethearts and Wives”—a musical comedy produced at the Haymarket Theatre in 1823. “Where are you going, my

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pretty maid?" which is described as an old English ballad, was never, as far as can be ascertained, sung in Kenney's comedy—the song in the printed edition of the play being that charming lyric, "Why are you wandering here, I pray?" with music by Isaac Nathan, a composer who set many of Kenney's ballads and lays. Kenney's grandson and granddaughter, Charles Horace Kenney and Rosa Kenney, by the way, are both in the theatrical profession.

There is an old country courting song called "Dumbledum Derry," which, in sentiment and refrain, is not unlike this old ballad of "Where are you going?"

It is to be feared that the author and composer of this deliciously quaint and plain-spoken song will never be traced now. For it is very certain that it dates back to very early times indeed—to times long anterior to the one when the art of music was universally cultivated, except orally. Who was first inspired with the happy idea of first writing the piece down we know not—we can only bless his forethought in preserving to us such a charming gem of old English minstrelsy. Its hold upon the public has been very great indeed, and the form in which it is written has tempted many a scribe to

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imitate it and many a musician to set it. As a song it has been decorated with new music by "J. C. J.," Boston, U. S., 1864; by an anonymous composer in 1878; by Sir F. W. Brady in 1882; and as a duet, one of the most popular, perhaps, by Seymour Smith in 1887. It has also been reset and rearranged as a part song by several composers with more or less success. But it is as the original song, with the original words and melody, that it is best known, and stands a chance of existing as a classic. And as it is claimed as the special product of so many different counties, we may at once assign it to that wonderful domain of folk songs which is so rich in the beautiful works of long-forgotten and unknown poets and minstrels.

The history and origin of that stirring military air, "The British Grenadiers," are almost entirely shrouded in mystery and obscurity, and all that is known of it is that the words date from about 1690, while the music is founded on an air of the sixteenth century. The first properly printed copy, an engraved music sheet, appeared about 1780.

There has been much controversy over "Though Lost to Sight to Memory Dear"—many persons having asserted that it was a

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very ancient composition by a certain Ruthven Jenkyns. Now a song entitled "Though Lost to Sight to Memory Dear," said to be written by Ruthven Jenkyns in 1703, was published in London in 1880. It was a hoax. The composer acknowledged in a private letter that he had copied the lyric from an American newspaper. There is no other authority for the origin of the song, and "Ruthven Jenkyns," bearing another name, is now living in San Francisco. George Linley wrote a song commencing—

"Though lost to sight, to memory dear
Thou ever wilt remain ;
One only hope my heart can cheer,
The hope to meet again."

But Linley did not invent the phrase which is said to have been popular as a tombstone heading early in the present century.

From quite the earliest times the "miller" has been a favourite subject with our English writers, and almost invariably he has been depicted as a model of sturdy independence. Amongst the best "miller" songs may be included George Colman's "Merrily goes the Mill," and "The Miller," written by Charles

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Highmore for Robert Dodsley's entertainment, "The King and the Miller of Mansfield," but the best of all, and the most ancient, is the one still sung in our public schools—"There was a Jolly Miller once lived on the river Dee." Originally there were only two verses, but two more have been added, perhaps by Isaac Bickerstaff, who introduced it into his comic opera, "Love in a Village," Covent Garden Theatre, 1762. The music of this two-act piece was composed and arranged from early English ditties by the celebrated Dr. Thomas Augustine Arne, and "There was a Jolly Miller" was marked "old tune" even then. The old Dee mill at Chester, where the legendary miller of the Dee is supposed to have plied his trade, was burned down in May, 1895. The building, which stood picturesquely on the old Dee Bridge, has had a remarkable history. Its origin goes back to Hugh Lupus, Earl of Chester, and nephew of the Norman Conqueror, who first established the mill in the eleventh century. According to ancient legend the mills were doomed to be burned down three times. This prophecy has been more than fulfilled, the last destruction making the fourth conflagration by which the mills have been destroyed. It is a curious fact that it was only the year pre-

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vious to the last fire that the last descendant of that miller of Dee whose independence provoked the envy of King Hal and whose memory survives in the immortal lyric referred to above, passed away in the person of Mr. Alderman Johnson of Chester. There is, perhaps, no spot on all the banks of the "sacred Dee" by which all good Cymry swear, more often mentioned in song and story than the mills of the Dee. Though often burned and as often rebuilt, they will always remain an historic landmark just as if their existence had been unbroken since thrifty Hugh, or "Wolf" Lupus built the first of the four which have existed these eight hundred years and more. Charles Kingsley's "Sands o' Dee" commemorates the treachery of the sands at various points, and many a local tradition could be told of hapless strangers lost in the crawling foam.

The history of "My Lodging is on the Cold Ground," as far as concerns the music, will be found in Chappell's "Old English Popular Music." It was originally written by Matthew Lock of "Macbeth" music fame to words by Sir William Davenant, and sung in an alteration of Fletcher's "Two Noble Kinsmen" called "The Rivals," 1664, by Mary, or Moll Davies, one of the earliest English actresses. She sang the

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song so inimitably that she gained the unenviable approval of Charles II., and their daughter was that Mary Tudor who married the second Earl of Derwentwater.

It is rather strange that though Robert Herrick's delightful lyric "Gather ye Rosebuds" was set to music by William Lawes and published in Playford's "Ayres and Dialogues," 1659, his "Cherry Ripe" was never so honoured until about 1824 when Charles Edward Horn (1786-1849), a vocalist and composer, set it and sung it, and it became an enormous favourite and still remains popular. Horn was undoubtedly indebted to a song by the distinguished Thomas Attwood (1765-1838), and called "Let me die," for his pleasing melody, as Herrick was under obligations to Richard Allison's charming stanzas, "There is a Garden in Her Face," written about 1606, for his main idea, the last line of each verse being,

"Till cherry ripe themselves do cry."

Robert Herrick's "Hesperides," in which his "Cherry Ripe" first appeared in print, was published at the "Crown and Marygold" in Saint Paul's Churchyard, 1648.

Who wrote that famous love-song, "If Doughty Deeds my Lady Please"? Dr. Mac-

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kay boldly assigns it to the Marquis of Montrose (1612-1650), and certainly there is a likeness in method and style that recalls his efforts. F. T. Palgrave, in the "Golden Treasury," says Graham of Gartmore was the author. Under the title of "O tell Me How to Woo Thee," Sir Walter Scott, in "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," 1812, has this note: "The following verses are taken down from recitation, and are averred to be of the age of Charles I. They have indeed much of the romantic expression of passion common to the poets of that period, whose lays still reflected the setting beams of chivalry; but since their publication in the first edition of this work, the editor has been informed that they were composed by the late Mr. Graham of Gartmore." In the "Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen" Robert Graham of Gartmore, born 1750, died 1797, is given as the author of the lyric. It was first published as a separate song at Liverpool, 1812, without any composer's name. It was set by Sir Arthur Sullivan in 1866, and by William Vincent Wallace in 1867.

"Down among the Dead Men," according to a note in the handwriting of Dr. Burney in his collection of English songs, in nine volumes, in the British Museum, was written by a "Mr.

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Dyer, and it was first sung at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields." Whoever wrote it had in mind the drinking song in Fletcher's "Bloody Brother," from which he borrowed two lines,

" Best, while you have it, use your breath,
There is no drinking after death."

The song seems to have been published early in the reign of George I. The composer of the music, a fine characteristic melody, is not known. "Begone dull Care" is at least as old as the year 1687, when it first appeared in "Playford's Musical Companion."

"Black Ey'd Susan, or Sweet William's Farewell" was written by Gay, the author of the "Beggar's Opera," and is included among his published poems. The music was composed by Richard Leveridge, a genial, jovial individual, who published a collection of his songs in 1727. "Black Ey'd Susan" was not issued till 1730. Douglas Jerrold wrote his famous play of the same name in 1824 (revived 1896), it being first produced on Whit-Monday of that year at the Surrey Theatre, making all the principals connected with the production, except the author, passing rich. The song is introduced

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into the piece, and is usually sung by Blue Peter.

"How Stands the Glass Around," commonly, at one time, called General Wolfe's Song, and said to have been sung by him on the night before the battle of Quebec, is first found, as a half-sheet song with music, printed about the year 1710. It was originally known as "The Duke of Berwick's March," and "Why, Soldiers, Why?" It is contained in a MS. book of poetry in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. The tune was also discovered in a ballad opera, "The Patron," 1729. Shield introduced both music and words into the "Siege of Gibraltar."

Though "D'ye ken John Peel?" is essentially a hunting song, it is so widely known that an authentic history of its hero and its origin has every claim to preservation here, especially as there are several spurious versions and spurious accounts in existence. It was written by John Woodcock Graves about the year 1820 (the words are not in the "Universal Songster," published in 1825). John Peel, the hero of the song, a famous Cumberland hunting man, died in 1854 at the age of seventy-eight. Here is Mr. Grave's own account of the circumstances under which the song was written, taken from

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"Songs and Ballads of Cumberland," edited by Sidney Gilpin, 1866 ("Sidney Gilpin," *en passant*, is believed to have been the pseudonym of a noted Carlisle bookseller): "Nearly forty years have now wasted away," says Mr. Graves, "since John Peel and I sat in a snug parlour at Caldreck, among the Cumbrian mountains. We were then both in the heyday of manhood, and hunters of the olden fashion; meeting the night before to arrange earth stopping, and up in the morning to take the best part of the hunt—the drag over the mountains in the mist—while fashionable hunters still lay in the blankets. Large flakes of snow fell in the evening. We sat by the fireside, hunting over again many a good run, and recalling the feats of each particular hound, or narrow neck-break 'scapes, when a flaxen-haired daughter of mine came running in, saying, 'Father, what do they say to what Granny sings?' Granny was singing to sleep my eldest son—now a leading barrister in Hobart Town—with a very old rant called 'Bonnie (or Cannie) Annie.' The pen and ink for hunting appointments being on the table, the idea of writing a song to this old air forced itself upon me, and thus was produced, impromptu, 'D'ye ken John Peel, with his coat so gray?' Immediately after I sang it to poor

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Peel, who smiled through a stream of tears which fell down his manly cheeks; and I well remember saying to him, in a joking style, 'By Jove, Peel, you'll be sung when we're both run to earth.'

"As to John Peel's general character I can say little. He was of a very limited education beyond hunting. But no wile of a fox or hare could evade his scrutiny; and business of any shape was utterly neglected, often to cost far beyond the first loss. Indeed this neglect extended to the paternal duties in his family. I believe he would not have left the drags of a fox on the impending death of a child, or any other earthly event. An excellent rider, I saw him once on a moor put up a fresh hare, and ride till he caught her with his whip. You may know that he was six feet and more, and of a form and gait quite surprising, but his face and head were somewhat insignificant. A clever sculptor told me that he once followed, admiring him, a whole market day before he discovered who he was."

"Tom Moody," generally attributed to Dibdin, but written by Andrew Cherry, the author the "Bay of Biscay," is another good song of this class, and so is the anonymous "Tom Pearce, or the Old Grey Mare."

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To "I'll Hang my Harp on a Willow Tree" is attached quite a bit of royal romance. It was written by a young nobleman who became deeply enamoured of Queen Victoria a year or so before she ascended the English throne, which event naturally destroyed his hopes of winning her hand. The words first appeared in an English magazine, and were set to music by Wellington Guernsey.

Thomas Hood's masterpiece, "The Song of the Shirt," was first published in the Christmas number of "Punch" for the year 1843. It was copied into the "Times," and reproduced in other newspapers immediately. It was inserted anonymously, but ran through the land like wildfire, and became the talk of the day. There was no little speculation as to its author, though several (Dickens among the number) attributed it at once to the right source; at last Hood wrote to one of the daily papers and acknowledged it. He was greatly astonished and not a little amused at its marvellous popularity. His daughter, the late Mrs. Frances Freeling Broderip, commenting upon it, said: "My mother said to him when she was folding up the packet ready for the press, 'Now mind, Hood, mark my words, this will tell wonderfully; it is one of the best things you ever did.'" It turned out to be

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true ; it was translated into French and German, and even Italian. It was sung about the streets, each itinerant singer putting his or her own tune to it. It was printed on cotton pocket handkerchiefs and sold at the drapers and other shops, and it caused as much stir in the little world of *home* as it did in the greater world outside. A friend of mine, Mr. Jones-Hunt, has had the privilege of seeing the MS. of a verse that was not published with the song ; it appears in an American edition of the poet's works, and has a singular error in one of the words.

The copy has been made from the original in Hood's own handwriting.

“Seam and gusset and band,
Band and gusset and seam,
Work, work, work,
Like the engine that works by steam !
A new machine of iron and wood,
That toils for Mammon's sake,
Without a brain to ponder and craze,
Or a heart to feel, and break.”

The error referred to relates to *ponder*, which is printed *powder*.

The MS. for the purpose of making a copy of the above was lent by one of Hood's grand-daughters, Miss Broderip ; it was evidently one of the first rough sheets of the song, and with it was another verse which in a corrected form

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appears in the original song. Here is a copy of it:

“Oh ! but for one short hour !
A respite however brief !
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief :
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread !”

The chief items of these interesting particulars were put together and written on Thomas Hood's own table, the identical one round which have gathered many of the great literary men of the past. Miss Broderip sat near to answer any question that might be put to her, or to hand a volume from the poet's library which might be of service. In a room in Miss Broderip's house is the oil painting, “life-size,” a splendid likeness of the poet himself, and in the hall is the historical bust from which so many engravings have been taken, and which was the model for the tomb at Kensal Green. May was an eventful month to the subject of this sketch. He was born on the 23rd of May, 1799; married on the 5th of May, 1824; on the 1st of May, 1845—May-Day—he was last conscious; on the 3rd he died, and on the 10th he was buried.

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Many composers set the "Song of the Shirt" to music, and as a recitation, with musical accompaniment, it formed the chief feature of several entertainers' programmes.

A piece of verse often attributed to Thomas Hood, being much in his vein, is the "Pauper's Drive:"

" Rattle his bones over the stones,
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns."

The piece was really written by the Reverend Thomas Noel of Maidenhead. It was first published in 1841 or 1843 by William Smith of Fleet Street in a small volume entitled "Rhymes and Roundelays." Henry Russell popularized the words by setting them to music, attributing them to Hood, and singing the piece when on tour. This no doubt gave rise to the misapprehension as to the name of the author. Miss Mitford, in her "Recollections of Literary Life," gives a full description of Mr. Noel, and quotes the "Pauper's Drive" *in extenso*. The refrain in the last stanza varies:

" Dear softly his bones over the stones,
Though a pauper he's one whom his Maker yet owns."

Miss Mitford adds: "The author tells me that the incident of the poem was taken from life. He witnessed such a funeral—a coffin in a parish hearse driven at full speed."

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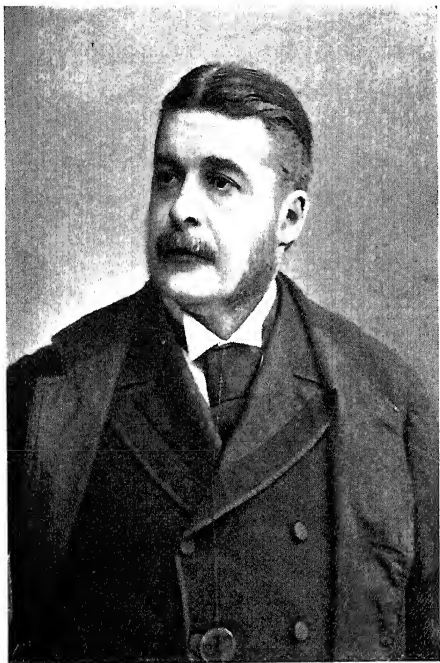
Charles Dickens was particularly taken with this poem—by the way, though Dickens wrote several songs, the only one that achieved any popularity was the "Ivy Green," which first appeared as a contribution from the clergyman in chapter vi. of the "Pickwick Papers." Henry Russell, who was always ready to snap up a good thing, set it to music, and sang it with considerable success.

Before finishing the section dealing with English songs, I think the following particulars concerning the brilliant Savoy opera composer and others may not be inappropriate

In a recent memoir of Sir Arthur Sullivan, Mr. Charles Willeby cites many instances of the composer's remarkable rapidity in work. "Contrabandista," which followed "Cox and Box," was composed, scored, and rehearsed within sixteen days from the receipt of the libretto. The overture to "Iolanthe" was commenced at nine o'clock one morning and finished at seven the next morning. The overture to the "Yeomen of the Guard" was composed and scored in twelve hours; while the magnificent epilogue to the "Golden Legend" was composed and scored within twenty-four hours. How the "Lost Chord," perhaps the most successful song of modern times came to be written

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is related by our author in a very touching story. Only a few months after Sir Arthur Sullivan had accepted the post of Principal of the National Training School for Music, he received a severe blow in the death of his brother Frederick, whose talents as an actor will be remembered. For nearly three weeks he watched by the sick man's bedside night and day. One evening, when the end was rapidly approaching, the sufferer had for a time sunk into a peaceful sleep, and as his faithful attendant was sitting as usual by his bedside, it chanced that he took up some verses by the late Adelaide Anne Procter, with which he had for some time been impressed. Now in the stillness of the night he read them over again, and almost as he did so he conceived their "musical equivalent." A sheet of music paper was at hand, and he began to write. Slowly the music grew and took shape, until, becoming absorbed in it, he determined to finish the song, thinking that even if in the cold light of day it should appear worthless, it would at least have helped to pass the weary hours, so he went on till the last bar was added. Thus was composed "The Lost Chord," a song of which the sale up to the present has exceeded a quarter of a million copies. There is a story connected with "Once Again," I believe, to the



SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN
Author of "The Lost Chord"

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effect that the composer was either under a contract to supply a song by a certain time, or that he wished to raise the immediate wind, and so set Lionel N. Lewin's words of "Once Again," while on a Saturday to Monday visit at a friend's house, and "realized" without delay on his return to town. Anyhow, this is another very popular song of Sir Arthur's, especially with sucking young tenors.

The melody of that fine song "The Vagabond," composed by James L. Molloy to Charles Lamb Kenney's words, was originally used in an operetta by Mr. Molloy to a drinking song. The piece was called "The Student's Frolic," written by Arthur Sketchley. The piece fell flat, all but the "Beer, Beer, Beautiful Beer" melody, which was divorced by Molloy and married to "The Vagabond."

One popular song writer finds that his music can be best cultivated by riding in a hansom cab; another prefers the underground railway. The noise and rhythm of the rail bring inspiration to him, he says, which proves that even our best abused institutions have their uses. Mr. Milton Wellings composed his very successful song "Some Day" under the following circumstances:—His wife was away yachting round the Isle of Wight, and he was travelling

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up from Portsmouth by train. At a station on the line he bought an evening paper, and was horrified to learn from a brief paragraph that a terrible yachting accident had happened at Cowes, and that several lives were lost. He dashed out of the train and telegraphed to some friends at the Isle of Wight, and then continued his journey to London, hoping and expecting to find a reply at his house. To his surprise no telegram came. He wandered up and down the house disconsolate, and without thinking, opened a drawer where he found a copy of some verses which had been sent him months before, but which he had scarcely noticed. Glancing through them hurriedly, the line, "I know not when that day may be" caught his eye, and instantly the complete theme of the song burst upon him. Presently came satisfactory telegrams, and he sat down and wrote out the whole of the music from beginning to end. The result we most of us know for "Some Day" "caught on" enormously with all classes of singers, and proved a success in every sense of the word. The words were written by poor Hugh Conway, author of "Called Back," who was cut off just when fame had come to him with bounteous offerings.

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CHAPTER II

SOME CONTINENTAL SONGS

SWEDISH SONGS, HUNGARIAN SONGS, AUSTRIAN SONGS. "GOD PRESERVE THE EMPEROR," "MAL-BROUCK," "CARMAGNOLE," "MADAME VETO," "CHARMANTE GABRIELLE," "VIVE HENRI QUATRE," "CARNAVAL DE VENISE," "PARTANT POUR LA SYRIE," "HEIL DIR IM SIEGERKRANZ," "ICH BIN EIN PREUSSE," TWO THURINGIAN SONGS, "KANAPEE-LIED," "EIN FESTE BURG," "ADELAIDE"

BESIDES "La Marseillaise" and "Der Wacht am Rhein," already described, there are quite a number of famous Continental songs that are familiar to English ears, if not by name or words, at any rate through their melodies. And, of course, there are many unknown, except to musicians, which are equally important in the lands of their birth, and are deserving of at least passing mention. Everybody knows the Grand Russian National Hymn, and also the beautiful Turkish Hymn, but curiously enough the land

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of song itself, Italy, has no strictly proper national air, and it is left to the so-called unmusical nations as a rule to rejoice in these characteristic features and advantages. The French and Germans, with a pathetic attempt at diffidence, acknowledge that they are exceptionally gifted in the way of music—but England! well—well, we shall see anon, as the play-books have it.

Sweden has ever been more or less patriotic, and nowadays, when the Swedes feel in that highly desirable temper, they sing lustily, "Kung Oscar Stod Pa." A very old national song is "Kung Erik." The Scandinavian popular songs are many and to the country born, and very beautiful and touching some of them are, while others are as fierce and wild as the north wind. The Hungarian national song is a magnificent production, and most of us have experienced its rugged grandeur. Hungarian songs may be classed under one of three headings:

1. Legends of yore.
2. Glorification of the North with its appalling majesty.
3. Welcome of the Spring.

Those who have sampled the climate can thoroughly appreciate the Scandinavian heart rejoicing at the return of the spring. Of course

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there are many homely lays and love lyrics. "Ljung Byhornet" ("The Horn on the Heath") is a fine legend, and "Trollhattan," and "Kung Bele" are also legends dear to the souls of the natives. The epic "Frithiofsaga," by Tegner, is something after the style of Longfellow's "King Olaf," and, though not a song, is worth calling attention to. Among the very popular songs are "Du Gamla, Du Friska, Du Fyellhoga-Nord!" ("You old, you fresh, you rocky-high North!"); "I Dag är Första Maj" ("To-day is first [of] May"). At Christmas they have "Nur är det Jul igen" ("Christmas has come again"). A well-known Flemish song is "De Vlaamsche Leeun" ("The Flemish Lion").

The greatest of all the Austrian pieces is of course Haydn's "Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser," It is said that during his visits to London Haydn often envied the English their "God Save the King," and the war with France having stirred his pulses and fired his imagination, he resolved to provide the people with an anthem worthy of their fidelity and patriotism. Thus arose his "God Preserve the Emperor," which he composed to words by L. L. Haschka in 1797; it was publicly sung at the national theatre at Vienna, and at all the principal theatres in the provinces on the emperor's birthday in that year, and

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achieved a glorious reception and lasting popularity. The emperor was so pleased that he sent Haydn his portrait as a compliment to his success. It was a masterpiece of composition, and remained a favourite with the composer until his death. He introduced a wonderful set of variations on it into his "Kaiser Quartett." During his last illness in May, 1809, Vienna was again besieged and occupied by the hated Napoleon's troops, and some shot fell not far from where he was dwelling. And though he was treated with the greatest respect by the French officers, some of whom visited him, the bombardment doubtless hastened his death. Towards the close he was greatly alarmed, but cried out to his servants, feeble as he was, "Children, don't be frightened; no harm can happen to you while Haydn is by." The last visit he received, the French being in full occupation, was from a French officer, who sang "In Native Worth" very impressively. Haydn was deeply affected, and embraced the singer. On the 26th of May, 1809, he gathered his servants around him for the last time. He was carried to the piano, and played once more the Emperor's Hymn, and five days later he was dead.

And now let us turn our attention to France,

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and "Malbrough" or "Malbrouck," which captured the whole of the Empire, and was sung in every café and saloon and "carrefour" in Paris. The opinions as to the origin of this notorious French song are curious and varied. The names of the authors of the words and music it is not easy to assert. There is reason, however, to believe that the couplets "Mort et convoi de l'invincible Malbrough" were improvised on the night after the battle of Malplaquet, September 11th, 1709, in the bivouack of Marshal de Villars at Quesnoy, three miles from the scene of the fight. The name of the soldier who perhaps satirized the English general as a relief to his hunger has not been preserved, but in all probability he was acquainted with the lament on the death of the "Duke of Guise," published about 1566, the idea and construction of both melodies being so much alike. Chateaubriand hearing the tune sung by Arabs in Palestine, suggested that it had been carried there by the Crusaders either in the time of Godfrey de Bouillon or in that of Louis IX. and Joinville, but the style of the music is of the character of the days of Louis XV., and entirely unlike any other. Unfortunately it is not possible to find either words or music in any collection. They have been handed down from

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one age to another, and that is all. Had it not been for Madame Poitrine, the wife of a Picardy farmer, who used it as a lullaby for the infant Dauphin at the Court of Versailles, the song would have died out. Marie Antoinette took a fancy to her baby's cradle song, and sung it herself, and "*Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre*" was soon heard in Versailles, Paris, and later throughout the length and breadth of France. Beaucharchais introduced it in his "*Mariage de Figaro*" in 1784, and the melody greatly contributed to the popularity of that opera. It was then constantly introduced into French vaudevilles. Beethoven used it in his *Battle Symphony* in 1813 as symbolical of the French army. It is well known on this side of the Channel as "*We won't go Home till Morning*," and "*For He's a Jolly Good Fellow*." The piece was made the subject of an opera bouffe in four acts, with words by Siraudin and Busnach, and music by Bizet, Jonas Legonix, and Delibes, which was brought out at the *Athénée*, December 13th, 1867. So far Grove's "*Dictionary*." But the "*Chanson de Malbrouck*" is some hundreds of years older than the song that Madame Poitrine, the Dauphin's wet nurse, sang at Versailles. A writer in the "*Dictionnaire Universel*" gives not only the melody, but the

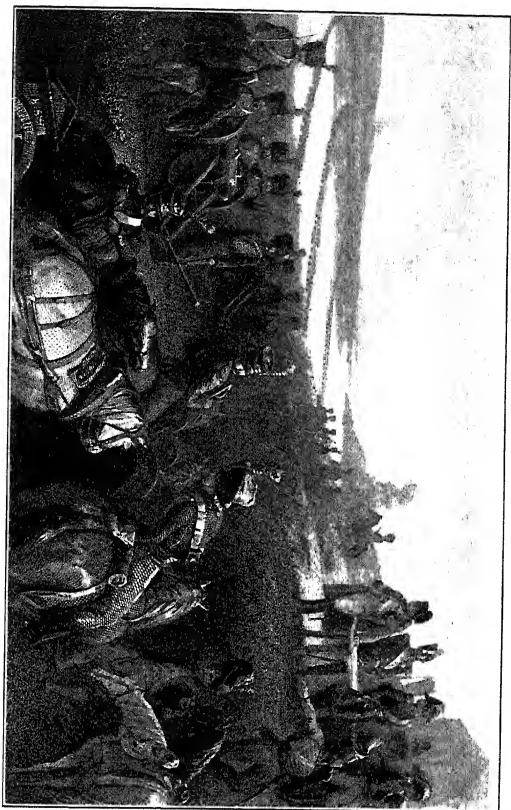
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complete text of the "Chanson de Malbrough," and says that the chanson is a parody of a much older and more serious poem, as attested not only by its archaic construction, but by its admixture of pathos so strangely out of place in a piece of buffoonery. A great deal of the chanson is a repetition of another burlesque piece, "Le Convoi du duc de Guise" of 1563. The pathetic portions of "Malbrough" exhibit, according to Génin, all the marks of twelfth and thirteenth century versification. It seems impossible that any version of the song had any reference to the great Duke of Marlborough, as has been erroneously asserted so often, as the words with regard to his achievements and the devastation that he caused amongst his foes have no connection or reflection whatever. It simply tells how a general goes forth to take part in a campaign in a distant land, and that it is difficult to say when he will return, and how eventually word is sent by a trusty messenger to the general's wife that he has died on the battlefield. The funeral is described in rather a ridiculous fashion, and the whole tone of the lyric suggests that it is simply an ordinary soldier's song commemorating, with a mixture of pathos and humour, the fortunes and misfortunes of war. The name "Malbrough" was

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doubtless substituted by the French soldiers in after years out of bravado and impudence.

The song was printed upon fans and screens, with an engraving representing the funeral procession of Marlborough, the lady on the tower, the page dressed in black, and so on. This picture was imitated in all shapes and sizes. It circulated through the streets and villages, and gave the dead Duke of Marlborough a more popular celebrity than all his victories. M. Bagger says: "Barras sang it; so did Marat; Charlotte Corday doubtless knew it by heart; and it vied with 'La Carmagnole' and 'Ça Ira' as the most popular song of those days. And it has survived in many a French air of later times. In 'Partant pour la Syrie,' Queen Hortense, unconsciously perhaps, has adopted the same underlying musical theme; and in André Chénier's 'Mourir pour la Patrie' it will readily be recognized, though in different time and colour. In Helberg's vaudeville, performed at the Royal Theatre at Copenhagen in 1826, we find almost identically the same air; and in one of the folk-lays of Finland we recognize it in a more marked degree." "Napoleon hummed the old military air of 'Marlborough' as he crossed the Niemen in setting out upon his disastrous Russian campaign of 1812." Du



NAPOLEON HIMSELF THE OLD MILITARY AIR "MARLBOROUGH" AS HIS
ARMIES CROSSED THE NIEMEN

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Maurier weakly calls it in "Trilby" "a common old French comic song—a mere nursery ditty, like 'Little Bo-Peep,' this quiet precursor of 'La Marseillaise.'"

The song was a great favourite with the Little Corporal. Whenever he mounted his horse to go campaigning, the emperor hummed the suggestive melody, and at St Helena, shortly before his death, when, in course of conversation with M. de Las Casas, he praised the Duke of Marlborough, the song recurred to his mind, and he said, with a smile, "What a thing is ridicule! It fastens upon everything, even victory." He then sang softly to himself the first stanza of "Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre."

It is very certain that the revival of Malbrouck had plain reference, in the French mind, to the conquering Marlborough. Says Brewer: "The Malbrough of the song was evidently a Crusader, or ancient baron, who died in battle; and his lady" (obviously not Sarah Jennings, Duchess of Marlborough) "climbing the castle tower and looking out for her lord reminds one of the mother of Sisera, who looked out at a window, and cried through the lattice, 'Why is his chariot so long in coming? Why tarry the wheels of his chariots? Have they not sped? Have they not divided the spoils?'" It must

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be confessed, however, that if it had been the "chariot" of the duke which his duchess had seen coming, it would not have been found altogether empty of "spoils," else how was Blenheim to be built? "The desire of power and wealth," wrote Prince Eugene, "gave a little bias to the mind of Marlborough."

That there exists two versions of "Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre" is a self-evident fact. First, there is the ancient Crusader song; second, the modern burlesque. Both have the melodious burden or chorus, "Mironton, mironton, mirontaine," which M. Littré, in his "Dictionnaire de la Langue Française," defines to be "A sort of popular refrain which is used for sound, and has no sense." The well-known original of the first stanza runs as follows:

"Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine !—
Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre,
Ne sais quand reviendra."

A number of translations have been made of this song, from which John Oxenford selects the following:

"Marlbrook has gone to battle—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine !—
Marlbrook has gone to battle,
But when will he return?"

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Professor Longfellow, in his "Poets and Poetry of Europe," gives this :

"Malbrouck, the prince of commanders,
Is gone to the war in Flanders.
His fame is like Alexander's,
But when will he come home?"

Here is the best literal translation :

"Malbrough is gone to the wars. Ah, when will he return ?

"'He will come back by Easter, lady, or at latest by Trinity.'

"'No, no ; Easter is past, and Trinity is past ; but Malbrough has not returned.'

"Then did she climb the castle tower to look out for his coming. She saw his page, but he was clad in black.

"'My page, my bonnie page,' cried the lady, 'what tidings bring you—what tidings of my lord ?'

"'The news I bring,' said the page, 'is very sad, and will make you weep. Lay aside your gay attire, lady, your ornaments of gold and silver, for my lord is dead. He is dead, lady, and laid in earth. I saw him borne to his last home by four officers. One carried his cuirass, one his shield, one his sword, and the fourth walked beside the bier, but bore nothing. They

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laid him in earth. I saw his spirit rise through the laurels. They planted his grave with rosemary. The nightingale sang his dirge. The mourners fell to the earth, and when they rose up again they chanted his victories. Then retired they all to rest.'”

Everybody knows that the air to which “Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre” is sung has been hummed or whistled, at one or another period of his life, by almost every Englishman, often without his being acquainted with a single word of the French lines, or even the name of the song itself. Father Prout explains the whole matter in the “Reliques:” “Confining myself for the present to wine and war, I proceed to give a notable war-song, of which the tune is well-known throughout Europe, but the words and the poetry are on the point of being effaced from the superficial memory of this flimsy generation. It may not be uninteresting to learn that both the tune and the words were composed as a lullaby to set the infant Dauphin to sleep. Still, if the best antiquary were called on to supply the original poetic composition, such as it burst on the world in the decline of the classic era of Queen Anne and Louis XIV., I fear he would be unable to gratify the curiosity of an eager public in so interesting an inquiry.

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For many reasons, therefore, it is highly meet and proper that I should consign it to the imperishable tablet of these written memorials, and here then followeth the song of the lamentable death of the illustrious John Churchill, which did not then take place, by some mistake, but was nevertheless celebrated as follows:

“ ‘ Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine !—
Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre,
Ne sais quand reviendra,
Ne sais quand reviendra,
Ne sais quand reviendra.

Chorus.—Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine !—
Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre,
Ne sais quand reviendra. ’ ”

Appended is the earlier translation, with its well-known English refrain :

“ Marlbrook, the prince of commanders,
Has gone to the war in Flanders.
His fame is like Alexander's.
But when will he come home ?
But when will he come home ?
But when will he come home ?

Chorus.—He won't come home till morning,
He won't come home till morning,
He won't come home till morning,
Till daylight doth appear.”

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“Such,” adds the inimitable Father Prout, “is the celebrated funeral song of ‘Malbrouck.’ It is what we would call in Ireland a ‘keen’ over the dead, with this difference, that the lamented deceased is, among us, willy-nilly, generally dead outright, with a hole in his skull; whereas the subject of the pathetic elegy of ‘Monsieur’ was, at the time of its composition, both alive and kicking all before him.” It is curious to note that the authorship of “Malbrough” has also been ascribed to the celebrated Madame de Sévigné. For several confirmatory statements in this account, I am indebted to an article in “Maclure’s Magazine,” 1896.

It has recently been stated that the song is purely Eastern, that it was known to the Arabs centuries ago, and that they still sing it—“Mabrook,” and “Mabrooka” being not uncommon names in Egypt. I give a verse in Arabic and then leave the subject:

“Mabrook saffur lel harbi
Ya lail-ya lail ya laila
Mabrook saffur lel harbi
Woo-ela metta yerjaa
Woo-ela metta yerja-ya lail
Woo-ela metta yerjaa,” etc.

After “Malbrough” came the terrible “Carmagnole” and “Madame Veto.” “The “Car-

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'magnole," which grew into frenzied favour during the French Revolution, was generally accompanied by a dance of the same name, and ran :

“ Que faut il au républicain ?
Que faut il au républicain ?
La liberté du genre humain,
La liberté du genre humain,
La pioche dans les cachats
L'école dans les châteaux,
Et la paix aux chaumières,
Dançons la carmagnole
Vive le son du canon ! ”

Not a very brilliant effort ! The origin of the “Carmagnole” is doubtful, but it is believed that an old Provençal ballad was sung to the melody, and thus this tune, to which most likely the peasant girls of Provence danced in the Middle Ages, was also made to do duty one hundred years ago while the hapless victims of Danton and Robespierre were being executed. Gretny was under the impression that it was a sailor-song often heard in Marseilles, but in all probability it was a country dance dating from far off times, adapted to a patriotic military song written in the Autumn of 1792. Groves gives the following from this piece, and I venture to quote the loyal lines :

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“ Le canon vient de resoner :
Guerriers, soyez prêts à marcher.
Citoyens et soldats
En volant aux combats,
Dans la carmagnole :
Vive le son, vive le son,
Dansons la carmagnole
Vive le son du canon ! ”

The same authority says the “ bloody Carmagnole des Royalists may be attributed to the worst of demagogues.” The latter begins :

“ Oui, je suis sans culotte, moi
En dépit des amis du roi.
Vive les Marseillois,
Les Bretons et nos lois ! ”

“ Madame Veto ” was another production of the Revolution. When kingly privileges and authority went by the board, Louis XVI., as everyone knows, stood out for the right of vetoing any laws which the National Assembly might pass. Now this word “ Veto ” was an unknown quantity to the majority, and the crowd grew turbulent and uncontrollable, and Louis XVI. was nicknamed “ Veto,” and the Queen, Marie Antoinette, the “ hated Austrian,” whom the people detested more, perhaps, than anyone else, though it is not generally acknowledged, was shamefully abused. Poor Queen,

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her's was not the fault! And so they were compelled to listen to the indescribably insulting ode (sung to the melody of "Carmagnole").

"Madame Veto avait promis
De faire égorger tout Paris
Maison coup a manqué
Grace à nos canonniers
Dansons la carmagnole
Vive le son du canon!"

with many repetitions. These verses soon extended to thirteen, and when published by Frere, the song spread like wildfire.

One of the earliest French revolutionary songs, and France has sown a goodly crop from first to last, is "Ça Ira," and we may set its date down to October, 1789, when the Parisians marched to Versailles. M. Gustave Choquet says that the words were suggested to a street singer named Ladré by General La Fayette, who remembered Franklin's favourite saying at each progress of the American insurrection. Here is the burden of the song:

"Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira!
Le peuple en ce jour sans cesse répète:
Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira!
Malgré les mutins, tout reussira,"

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which later developed more furiously into—

“ Ah ! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira !
Les aristocrat' à la lanterne ;
Ah ! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira !
Les aristocrat' on les pendra ! ”

The melody to which these words were sung was composed by a player in the orchestra at the opera named Bécour or Bécourt, and was well known as “ Carillon National.”

Two other French songs are worthy of attention, on account of their celebrity and uncertain origin. These are “ Charmante Gabrielle ” and “ Vive Henri Quatre.” The former is generally believed to have been suggested by the latter, Henri IV., to one of the court poets. Some say that Bertant, Bishop of Seez, composed the couplets inspired by the king. The first verse of this love romance runs :

“ Charmante Gabrielle,
Perce de mille dards,
Quand la gloire m'appelle
Dans les sentiers de Mars.
Cruelle déparlie
Malheureux jour !
Que ne suis je sans vie
Ou sans amour ! ”

This was sent by Henri to Gabrielle d'Estrées, his mistress, May 21st, 1597, when in Paris,



“CHARMANTE GABRIELLE”

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prior to his projected campaign against the Spaniards. The melody has been attributed to many composers, but it is doubtful if the right one has been discovered. It is to be found in saintly as well as secular productions in varying forms. As for "Vive Henri Quatre," the same obscurity surrounds its origin, save that the first two couplets of this historical lyric have been generally accredited as the composition of Collé, who was born in 1709 and died 1783. But competent authorities have disputed his right to any hand in the matter, and trace the words back to a drinking song of the time of Henri III. The melody is apparently quite original, though the composer's name has not been preserved. One thing is certain, these couplets have been handed down from generation to generation without losing anything of their spirit or freshness; and were spontaneously adopted by the people as the national anthem of royalty at the Bourbon Restoration. On the day when the Allied Armies entered Paris, April 1st, 1814, crowds flocked to the Opera to see the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia. The opera was Spontini's "Vestale," as an overture to which the band performed "Vive Henri IV." amid a perfect storm of bravos; and at the close of the opera the air

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was again called for, sung by Lays with the whole power of his magnificent voice, and received with rapturous applause. On July 14th, 1815, Lays had a similar success when repeating the air at a performance of "*Iphigénie en Aulide*" and "*La Dansonaine*" before Louis XVIII., the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia, on the opening of the new theatre of the *Academie Royale de Musique*, in the *Rue le Peletier*, the first words sung in that aria, and the loss of which is so much to be regretted on acoustical grounds, were those of "*Vive Henri IV.*" All this according to Groves.

A word may be said of the one-time favourite, the "*Carnaval de Venise*"—does the present generation know anything of it?—Paganini was the first to introduce the piece to England—nay, to the whole world, one may say. The great violinist first heard the melody when he visited the Queen of the Adriatic in 1816. No one seems to know who composed it, though many a musician has added to it, and varied it, and embroidered it from time to time. Several fantasias have been written upon it, notably by Herz and Schulhoff, and these have been played by most pianists of note. It has been introduced into comic operas. Ambroise Thomas introduced variations of it into the overture of

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his opera, "Le Carnaval de Venise," and Victor Massé makes use of it in his "Reine Topaz," with the words,

" Venise est tout en fêtes
Car voici le Carnaval,"

and in England it used to be sung to the words beginning,

" O come to me, I'll row thee o'er
Across yon peaceful sea."

The original from which Sir Walter Scott's "Romance of Dunois" is taken makes part of a manuscript collection of French Songs (probably compiled by some young officer) which was found on the field of Waterloo, so much stained with clay and blood as sufficiently to indicate the fate of its late owner. The song ("Partant pour la Syrie," written and composed by Queen Hortense of Holland, daughter of Josephine and the mother of Napoleon III.) is popular in France and is a good specimen of the style of composition to which it belongs. Sir Walter translated the song in 1815, and also another one of Queen Hortense's—"The Troubadour."

The Prussian hymn, which is capable of thrilling the whole German Empire, celebrated, in

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December, 1893, the centenary of its publication. It was on the return to the Prussian capital of Field-Marshal Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick after his successful engagements with the French at Pirmasens and Kaiserlautern, in Bavaria, that there appeared in the "Spencersche Zeitung," of December 17th, 1793, a poem entitled "Berliner Volksgesang." It was signed "Sr" and had "Heil Dir im Siegeskranz" as the opening words. The poem had been sent to the paper by Dr. Balthasar Gerhard Schumacher, who was in the habit of signing his Latin translations "Sutor" or "Sr," but he was not the writer. The real author was a German Protestant clergyman, Heinrich Harries (1767-1802), and the hymn appeared in its original form in the "Fleusburger Wochen-blatt" of January 27th, 1790, as a "Song for the Danish Subjects to Sing on the Birthday of their King." In 1873, Dr. Ochmann took up the question of authorship and established Harries's claims, while Dr. Wolfram succeeded in proving that Schumacher, at any rate, was not the original writer. The last two stanzas of Harries's song had reference to Danish affairs, and were, therefore, omitted by Schumacher, but in 1801 Schumacher published another version, also adding two verses, and the

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song in its newer form was published with the melody arranged for four voices by Hurka. The versions by Harries and Schumacher were not vastly different, while the similarity between the two poets in some of the parts proves conclusively enough that Schumacher in his alterations was only printing the work of an earlier imitation of "God Save the King." Except in the melody and the rhythm, "Heil Dir im Siegeskranz!" has nothing in common with the English "God Save the King;" and we now see that originally it was not dedicated to the Prussian ruler, but was written in honour of a Danish sovereign.

More curious is the story of the melody. The writer refers to a volume published at Paris, and bearing the title "*Souvenirs de la Marquise de Créquy de 1710 à 1803.*" It contains a strange declaration made by three old ladies of the convent of Saint Cyr. The document, which was only signed on September 19th, 1819, is quoted in full. It sets forth that the three undersigned have been requested to write down what they know of an old motet, which is generally regarded as an English melody. The said melody, they continue, is the same as that which they had often heard in their community, where it had been preserved tradi-

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tionally since the days of Louis XIV., the founder of the convent. It was composed by Baptiste Lully, and at the convent it was the custom for all the girls to sing it in unison every time Louis XIV. visited the chapel. It has also been sung on the occasion of a visit from Louis XVI. and his queen in 1779, and every one in the house was familiar with the song and the music. The ladies are quite certain that the melody is exactly the same as that which is called English. As to the words, they state that they have always been instructed that Madame de Brinon, a principal of the convent, wrote them, and that the poem dates from the time of Louis XIV. The text runs :

“ Grand Dieu ! sauvez le Roy !
Grand Dieu ! sauvez le Roy !
Vengez le Roy !
Que toujours glorieux
Louis Victorieux
Voye ses ennemis
Toujours sournis.
Grand Dieu ! sauvez le Roy !
Grand Dieu ! sauvez le Roy !
Vive le Roy !”

But this is a very old tale and very untrue. The melody of “ God Save the King” I deal with in the last chapter. Lully’s melody is not

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the same as Carey's—there is a similarity and that is all. The Prussian national hymn is undoubtedly sung to the tune of our own national anthem. The students of Heidelberg also sing a song called "Heil dir Germania," to Carey's composition.

I give here for what it is worth the very latest history of the German National Hymn, "Heil dir im Siegeskranz," which has the same melody as "God Save the Queen," and appeared in a theological journal, "Pastor Bonus," in Trier. The story goes that the air was taken from a Siberian procession chant, and it is told as follows: It is well known that great as well as mediocre composers have borrowed their musical ideas from the rich store of Catholic church songs, but it remained undiscovered that the Prussian fatherland made a big loan from the same source. Herr E. Handtmann, from Seedorf, relates in "der Kreuzzeitung" (July 10th, 1894), from traditions of his family, that the text of the "King's-song" was made known in Silesia by Prussian soldiers in the year 1813. But nobody could sing the words. Then it happened that officers of a Silesian regiment, amongst them Scharnhorst, met a procession under the guidance of a Catholic priest wending their way to Reinery and chanting:

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“ Heil Dir, O Königin,
Des Brunnens Hüterin
Heil Dir, Maria !
In Segen und Gedeih’n
Lass sprudeln klar und rein
Allezeit den Labequell :
Heil Dir, Maria !”

Scharnhorst, a great music lover, asked the priest where the melody came from, and he answered that it was known in the Silesian and Bohemian mountains as a very old procession chant, and this information was later corroborated by Catholic and Protestant priests alike. The officers were much taken with the beautiful melody, and adapted it to the text of their “King’s-song.” It was publicly sung for the first time in Teplitz before Frederick William III. in the year 1813. A not improbable conjecture of Herr Handtmann is that likewise in France and England the air is traced back to an old church song chanted by pilgrims, and being of an international character it was preserved in Germany and Austria in its pure originality. In a happy moment it was again made widely known in a new fashion at the frontier of the two countries, the Silesian mountains.

The weak point of this story is that our national anthem was taken by the Danes in

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1780, and with the German words was published in 1793. See the last chapter in this volume.

The year 1893 was the centenary of another well-known song and little-known poet. Bernhard Thiersch was born on April 26th, 1793, and was the author of "Ich bin ein Preusse," which was written in 1830 for the King's birthday celebration at Halberstadt. It was first sung to the melody, "Wo Mut und Kraft in deutscher Seele flammen," but the music now in use is the composition by Neithardt.

The German wanderers' songs and travellers' songs are almost unique. Elise Polko, a German writer, tells a touching story in connection with "Der Wanderer" and "Ach, wie ist's möglich," two Thuringian songs known all the world over. "Der Wanderer" was composed in 1837 by Frederick Brückner, father of Oskar Brückner, the 'cellist, and "Ach, wie ist's möglich" was the composition of Brückner's friend, Kantor Johann Ludwig Böhner, both of Erfurt.

In May, 1849, Wagner had to make his escape from Dresden, and he arrived at Erfurt on his way to Paris, to be conducted across the frontier by Brückner and Böhner. As he was being accompanied through the streets in the moonlight, he stopped suddenly to listen to some female voices singing, "Ach, wie ist's

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möglich," and to the horror of his friends would not budge till he had heard the last note. "I know the melody," he said. "It is sung everywhere. Let me hear every line. What a beautiful parting song! I wish I had composed it!"

As he took his seat in the close vehicle that was waiting impatiently to take him further on his journey, a soft voice started "The Wanderer":

"Wenn ich den Wanderer frage:
Wo willst du hin?"

and all joined in the refrain:

"Nach Hause, nach Hause!"

But at the last line:

"Hab' keine Heimat mehr!"

a choking voice called out "Da capo!" Then the horses started, and as the party passed out into the moonlight, and that lament, "Hab' keine Heimat mehr!" ("I have no home now!") became fainter and fainter, the lonely fugitive buried his face in the cushions and wept bitterly.

Very different is the merry "Kanapee-Lied," whose history Max Friedländer has endeavoured to trace. Few German popular songs have attained such a venerable age or enjoyed such

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wide popularity. Its survival is entirely due to oral transmission, for it is not included in any of the present collections of national songs, nor was it printed in any Commers-book during the last century. Wittekind has imitated the metre in his "Krambambuli-Lied" (1745), and Koromandel in his "Doris" and "Dorothee." Till the middle of this century the melody of the "Kanapee-Lied" was identical with that of the "Krambambuli-Lied," but a few decades ago the "Kanapee-Lied" assumes a new form, and was set to a new melody.

As there is a story, apocryphal or otherwise, of some interest connected with Luther's celebrated hymn, "Ein Feste Burg," the particulars of the same may well find a place here. This piece has been aptly entitled the "Marseillaise of the Reformation," and in it we find the remarkable genius and religious fire of Luther, together with the nervous feeling of those troublous times. According to one account the words, which are a free translation of the Latin version of the 46th Psalm, were written in Coburg, 1521, while one authority inclines to the belief that they were composed on the road to Worms. Hübner declares that Luther wrote it on the Wartburg, and having finished upset the inkstand over it, whereupon the devil

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laughed, and Luther threw the inkpot at him! Luther sang the hymn daily, accompanying himself on the lute during the sitting of the Augsburg Assembly in 1530. It was first printed in 1529, and in three years it became the most popular hymn of the day with the Protestants. The Huguenots during the religious persecution in France (1560 to 1572) made it their national song. This grand choral has won unstinted praise on all hands, for Luther was a gifted musician, as well as preacher and poet, and knew how to achieve the finest effects by the simplest methods. Meyerbeer did not disdain to make use of the melody in his opera, "Les Huguenots;" Bach founded a cantata on it; and it is to be detected in Mendelssohn's "Reformation Symphony," and in Wagner's "Kaisermarch." By order of King Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden it was sung by the entire army just before the battle of Leipsic in 1631. Indeed, it has played a wonderful part in the making of history on the Continent. Said Luther, when his friends endeavoured to dissuade him from going on his fateful journey to Worms: "Though there be as many devils in Worms as there are tiles on the roof, I *will* go fearing nothing. What if Huss be burned to ashes? Truth can never be annihilated."

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This is the keynote to the character of the "clear-voiced nightingale," as Hans Sachs called him. Spangenberg said of him, "When I saw Dr. Luther at Wittenberg, I could think of nothing less than of a large, powerful, well-armed warship setting out to sea in confidence amid tempestuous waves."

Luther's was a grand character—broad, far seeing, and sympathetic. It required some courage to cast off the monk's cowl and marry a nun. He married Catherine de Bora. She had to beg her bread from door to door after her husband's death. They lived a happy every-day life together, and understood each other. Luther and his wife were frequently very poor. Those who benefitted most by his preaching troubled not about how he lived. Which is a paradox, but let it stand. It may serve as a lesson. Foolishly he refused to accept money for his writings. This was a wrong thing to do, and derogatory to his authorship. But the story of Luther's life is ancient history. There were times when Luther enjoyed the good things of this world as well as any other rational being. He was too sensible to refuse the bounty the earth provided for his body's well-being. Besides, did he not write the famous couplet:

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“ Wer nicht liebt Wein, Weib und Gesang,
Der bleibt ein Narr sein Lebenlang.”

A sympathetic writer in the “Chautauquan,” speaking of the love the Germans exhibit for all classes of songs, says: “In passing through a German town, particularly in the summer, the visitor is often struck by hearing school children sing. The schools are mostly imposing buildings, situated on the finest sites, where preliminary instruction is shared by all classes together. The windows are wide open, and you may just happen to witness the singing lesson, and hear the youthful voices sing one of those glorious choral songs: “Ein Feste Burg ist unser Gott.”

“ God is a mighty citadel,
A trusty shield and weapon.”

It was a choral of Luther's, “Nun danket Alle Gott” in which the whole army joined in a spirit of grateful reverence to God on the morrow of the battle of Sedan. At the universities in moments of patriotic enthusiasm, such as for instance at the outbreak of the 1870 war, German students often met and sang “Ein Feste Burg,” and the effect, we are assured by eye-witnesses on the above occasion, was one of

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rare, impressive grandeur. The connecting link between religion and patriotism which the German choral embodies is peculiarly national. It finds its explanation in the history of the country, where, as in Scotland of old, the struggle for Protestant freedom of thought was for a time identified with the sentiment of national autonomy. The choral possesses the characteristics which belong only to those creations which are essentially an outcome of national sentiment, and therefore has retained a hold over the people, which the Catholic "Te Deum" has lost, and which the Anglican scholarly hymn-book never possessed.

With regard to patriotism, it may be averred that, amid the darkest hours of national disaster, from the time of the Thirty Years' War down to our own time, the German *Lied* has kept the flame of patriotism burning. In the War of Liberation of 1813, song did almost as much as the sword. And in 1870 the famous song of "The Watch on the Rhine" played a part which it would be impossible to understand without knowing something of German life and character.

Let us now turn to that world-famous song of Beethoven's, the divinely sweet "Adelaide." Who has not heard it? But how few know

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the real history of the origin of the *Lied* that Beethoven composed ere he was celebrated, when he was only just thirty years of age? Yet it has been the subject of romance, ballad, and biography. The song "Adelaïda" was written by the poet Matthisson to Fraulein von Glafey, with whom he was passionately in love. The music was composed by Beethoven about 1798, when the song almost immediately became popular with all ranks. The love story connecting the poet and the maid of honour, Adelaïda or Annette von Glafey (the poet chose Adelaïda as the name of his mistress on account of its first two syllables, *Adel*, meaning *noble*) with the composition has been so well related by Mrs. Pereira, that I venture to give the following extract from her paper, "Who was Adelaïda?" which appeared in the "Sunday Magazine" for May, 1893: "The Abbess (of Mossy Mead) in her early days had held a post in the household of the intellectual Princess Louise of Dessau; and it was on her return from a summer tour in the suite of her patroness that the beautiful maid of honour entered the community of Mossy Mead. The reason of her sudden retirement from court life had been known to few, and the very fact was soon forgotten; and at the time we are writing the

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Princess Louise had long been dead, and new faces, new interests, had taken the place of old ones. But the closed book of the past was to be re-opened by a sudden and unlooked for touch. It was a gala evening at Mossy Mead. The state apartments were thrown open, and invitations had been sent by the Abbess to guests from far and near, at the head of whom were Prince George of Dessau and his youthful countess. A concert was the occasion of this brilliant assembly, a concert to celebrate the opening of a fine chamber-organ that had just been placed in the chapter-room, and several eminent musicians, not only from Dessau but from Dresden, were to be the chief performers.

"The Prince led the Abbess to her place, the organ was disclosed to view, and the concert began. . . . The last number on the programme was a song by the leading tenor of the Dresden Opera. It received a rapturous encore, and the singer, after a moment's hesitation, once more stepped forward and made a sign to the accompanist. Then, amid deepest silence, the first notes of Beethoven's wonderful song rose upon the air. Never had those strains been more exquisitely rendered. The audience seemed spell-bound. But when the singer breathed the last low, lingering, passionate appeal, 'Ade-

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laïda,' all eyes were turned upon the Abbess. She sat with head bent forward, motionless, almost rigid. Those nearest sprang to her support, for they believed her to be smitten with some sudden illness; but with a resolute effort she recovered herself. Rising to her full height, with more than her wonted dignity, she thanked the vocalist who had furnished so glorious a finale to the concert. A smile was on her countenance—a smile of proud, triumphant joy such as none remembered ever to have seen there before. The faded features were transfigured. And then, by a flash of intuition, the singer and those around him recognized the never once suspected truth, never once suspected during all those forty years. That ancient, old-world lady, who seemed to have halted and stood still upon the threshold of the century, had suddenly assumed a new and startling aspect, for the magic of imagination, which can in a moment's space obliterate the trace of years, had banished each deeply-graven furrow, to picture her as once more the lovely, graceful maiden, the ornament of a court, the idol of a poet's dream, the beloved, the adored, the broken-hearted Adelaïda!

“Long years ago, in the one golden summer of her young life and during that tour amid the

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grandeur of Swiss scenery, the maid of honour had been brought into close association with the poet Friedrich Matthisson, who then held the appointment of reader to the princess. He was many years older than the enthusiastic girl, for such she was in years; but he was a poet; and the pair were surrounded by everything in nature that could foster and refine the purest, most exalted sentiment. They loved and their mutual devotion formed an idyl of sweetest, most idealized romance. Matthisson poured out the riches of his genius at the high-souled maiden's feet, and she dreamed that she was in Elysium.

"But this romance, like most others of its kind, was destined to a sadly prosaic ending. Adelaïda, or Annette von Glafey, was of noble birth; her lover was a poor pastor's son. Once more in Dessau, and face to face with the harsh realities of life, the maid of honour was summoned to hear the doom of her happiness spoken from the lips of her relentless father—'Marriage in your own rank, or retirement to Mosigkan.'"

Annette made up her mind at once, and retired from the sunshine of the world to the dull, monotonous, loveless life in a nunnery. Her life was made more bitter by the fact that in after years, when it was too late, the patent of

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nobility was conferred upon Matthisson, thus removing the obstacle that had proved a bar to their happiness. But Matthisson had found another bride. The Abbess lived on at Mosigkan until 1858, when she died, full of years and pious resignation. Few who attended her funeral knew that she had inspired some of the finest outpourings of a poet's heart, or that the melody which has made the composer world-famous was set to words that told of her life history and love.

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CHAPTER III

CONCERNING SOME WELSH SONGS

“THE DYING BARD,” “SWEET RICHARD,” “THE BARD’S LOVE,” “IDLE DAYS IN SUMMER TIME,” “WATCHING THE WHEAT,” “FFARWEL ITI PEGGY BAN,” “MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH,” “THOSE EVENING BELLS,” “ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT,” “POOR MARY ANN,” “MAID OF MONA’S ISLE,” “WHY LINGERS THY GAZE,” “THE BLACK MONK,” “THE CAMBRIAN PLUME,” “MORVA RHUDDLAN,” “DAVID OF THE WHITE ROCK,” “THE SORROWS OF MEMORY,” “WINIFREDA,” AND “ST. DAVID’S DAY”

THE wealth of melody that has had its birth in Gallant little Wales would come as a surprise upon those who have never explored its bardic mines, notwithstanding that the Welsh harpers and bards have long held their own against the world. As in Scotland and Ireland, where the lyric gift has been so plentifully utilized, so it is in Wales that the people delight to make songs and sing them to their own music. Said the Bishop of St. David’s (Dr. Connop Thirlwall),

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“It is a most remarkable feature in the history of any people, and such as could be said of no other people than the Welsh, that they have centred their national recreation in literature and musical competitions.” To this may be added the remarks of Dr. Fetis, at one time the director of the Brussels Royal Academy of Music, who, in his “History of Music” thus refers to the antiquity of the Welsh and their music: “In Gaul, as well as in the country of the Welsh nation, there were priests called Druids, who celebrated their mysterious rites in the forests, and bards or musical priests who sang the glory of Heroes. But there is the difference between Gaul and the country of the Welsh, inasmuch as the latter still preserve their bards, and that the Cambrian or Celtic language is still cultivated by them, and moreover their music still maintains its primitive type. There is something remarkable in this now interminable succession of Welsh bards for two thousand years, and that the preservation intact of their language and their Celtic music, in a country so long ruled over by the Saxons.” Francis Joseph Fetis, by the way, was a brilliant musician and learned writer on musical subjects. He was born at Mons, March 25, 1784, and died on his birthday, 1871.

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But this is no place to enter into particulars of the ancient music of Wales, though as Mr. Brinley Richards says in his Introduction to the "Royal Edition of the Songs of Wales" (Caneuon Cymru): "That a Welsh adaptation of the songs will be welcomed throughout the Principality may not be generally understood, for the oddest misconceptions prevail in England as to the Welsh language. Many people imagine that the Welsh language is only a sort of provincial dialect of English, like that which prevails in Scotland. Very few Englishmen seem to know that the Welsh have a large living literature, and that there are upwards of twelve thousand printed books in the *Welsh Language*." I shall now endeavor to tell some facts of the few songs that I have been able to trace as having a more than passing history.

In a note to his poem, "The Dying Bard," Sir Walter Scott says, "The Welsh tradition proves that a bard on his death-bed demanded his harp, and the air ('Dafydd y Gareg Wen') to which these words are adapted, requesting that it might be performed at his funeral." And, according to J. Parry's "Welsh Harper," this melody was accordingly played on the harp, at the parish church Ynys Cynhaiarn; in which

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parish this house, called Gareg-Wen (Caernarvonshire), is situated. I give the English version (by John Oxenford) of this lyric, "David of the White Rock."

"David the Bard on his death-bed lies,
Pale are his features and dim are his eyes.
Yet all around him his glance wildly roves—
Till it alights on the harp that he loves.

"Give me my harp, my companion so long,
Let it once more add its voice to my song.
Though my old fingers are palsied and weak,
Still my good harp for its master will speak.

"Often the hearts of our chiefs it has stirred,
When its loud summons to battle was heard ;
Harp of my country, dear harp of the brave,
Let thy last notes hover over my grave."

The very plaintive air, "Sweet Richard—" "Per Alaw neu Sweet Richard," Brinley Richards attributes to Blondel, but history points to Owen Glendower, an esquire to Richard II., a surprisingly well-educated and accomplished man for those times, and a gallant withal. In all probability it was composed by Glendower during his master's captivity, and it was afterwards played at the risings in favour of the unfortunate king, as the Jacobite airs were played to excite the adherents of the Stuarts.

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In close committee (October, 1399) it was determined that Richard should be conveyed to some castle, there to be kept in strict and secret imprisonment, where none of his former friends might have access to him. Whereupon he was removed from the Tower in the first instance to Leeds Castle, Kent; and like Edward II., he seems to have been removed secretly by night from one castle to another. "Every man," says Froissart, "might well consider that he should never come out of prison alive." And, as every school-boy knows, he never did. But how he came by his death is not known for certain to this day. The fact that Blondel was of French origin and could not write in Welsh, while Owen Glendower was a Welshman by birth, seems conclusive that the song refers to Richard II. and not Richard I.; besides, the time of Blondel's song, already described, and that of "A Mighty Warrior" (Per Alaw) are quite different.

Several of the Welsh songs are founded by the bards themselves upon their own love disappointments and experiences. "The Bard's Love" tells of the bard Hoel ap Einion, who fell in love with the celebrated Myvanury Vechan (residing in the year 1390 at *Castel Dinas Bran* in the Vale of Llangollen), and died broken-hearted because of her disdain. "Idle Days in

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Summer Time" is an ideal love-song of the rustic order. It was written by Will Hopkin, the bard, who was born about 1700. The tradition respecting the hapless love entertained for him by Ann Thomas ("The Maid of Cefn Ydfa") is widely known and still recited in parts of Wales. The Bard wrote many songs in her honour, the best being "Idle Days in Summer Time." I present the first verse, translated by Walter Maynard:

"Idle days in summer time,
In pleasant sunny weather,
Amid the golden coloured corn
Two lovers passed together.
Many words they did not speak,
To give their thoughts expression,
Each knew the other's heart was full,
But neither made confession."

But to "The Maid of Cefn Ydfa." The song in which the minstrel poured out his love is called "Bugeilio 'r Gwenith Gwyn" (Watching the Wheat"). According to "Cambrian Minstrelsie," the subject of the song is "Ann Thomas, commonly known as the 'Maid of Cefn Ydfa,' who was born at a house of that name, in the parish of Llangynnwyd, Glamorganshire, in the year 1704. She was the elder child of well-to-do parents. Her father died before she was four

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years of age, when she, with her brother, was placed under two guardians, one being her maternal uncle. Her brother dying in youth, she became sole heiress to her father's property. There lived in the neighborhood a Mr. Anthony Maddocks, of Cwm-yr-isga, who was a lawyer, and possessed considerable means. He was Undersheriff of Glamorganshire in 1719. He had a son and heir named Anthony, who was also a lawyer, and was Undersheriff of the county in 1743. There being money on both sides, the elder Maddocks, Mrs. Thomas, and her brother (Ann's guardian) thought that the union of the younger Maddocks with the heiress of Cefn Ydfa would be a most desirable consummation. But we hear nothing of tender wooing on the one side or of passionate love on the other; it was altogether a 'high' family arrangement. Moreover, the lover destined to win the maiden's heart came in humble guise. This was Will Hopkin, of Llangynnwyd, a tiler and plasterer by trade, and three years her senior. Llangynnwyd being situated within the classic ground of Tir Iarll, its mental atmosphere was balmy with the breath of poesy. Bardic contests were the daily pastimes of the inhabitants, and in these Will shone with remarkable brilliancy. He was frequently engaged in the

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exercise of his craft at Cefn Ydfa, and thus he and the lovely Ann Thomas were thrown in each other's way. He used to take his meals in the kitchen, when she would send the servants to do outside work, in order that they might have an opportunity of communing together. But when the mother became aware of these proceedings he was summarily dismissed." It is to this period that the plaintive "Bugeilio 'r Gwenith Gwyn" is assigned. The lovers after this met sometimes in the wood near the house; but this was soon discovered and effectually prevented. Ann was for a time imprisoned in her own room, where she suffered untold anguish. One of the servant maids, Ann Llewelyn, taking compassion upon her, acted then as an intermediary between her and her lover, and helped them to carry on a clandestine correspondence by means of letters deposited in the trunk of an old tree at a place called Corn-hwch. But this was also found out, and Will, rightly or wrongly, suspected the servant maid of having betrayed them. Meanwhile great pressure was brought to bear on Ann to accept young Maddocks, and this ultimately led to their marriage, on May 5th, 1725. Will then left for England, and settled at Bristol; but dreaming one night that Maddocks was dead he suddenly returned. On

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reaching his old home he heard that his beloved had lost her reason and was lying at the point of death. His arrival being made known to the family, they sent for him, hoping that his presence might soothe her sufferings. Some say that she heard his voice at the door and died before he could reach her bedside. Others say that, on seeing him, she sprang into his arms and instantly expired. Her death took place on June 16th, 1727. Her tombstone is to be seen to-day inside Llangynnwyd Church, and is an object of much curiosity to strangers from all parts. Will was never married, though he survived her about fourteen years. His death occurred on August 19th, 1741; and he was buried under an old yew tree on the western side of Llangynnwyd churchyard.

A monument has lately been erected to the Maid of Cefn Ydfa in the restored church, and it is proposed to erect a monument over the grave of her unfortunate lover.

The popular song "Ffarwel iti Peggy ban" was composed by the minstrels of North Wales when Margaret of Anjou left Harlech Castle, where she had taken refuge after the defeat of July 9th, 1460, near Northampton. Mention of Harlech naturally recalls the march of that name which is ever a favourite at public schools.

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This dates from 1468. Harlech Castle stands on a lofty rock on the sea-shore of Merionethshire. "The original tower," says Brinley Richards in his note to the song, called "Twr Bronwen," "is said to have been built in the sixth century; it afterwards received the name of *Caer Colwyn*, and eventually its more descriptive name *Harlech*, or above the boulders." From Dr. Nicholas's "*Antiquities of Wales*" I extract this: "By order of the King (Edward IV.) William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, led a powerful army to Harlech, and demanded the surrender of the place; but Sir Richard Herbert, the Earl's brother, received from the stout defender this answer, 'I held a tower in France till all the old women in Wales heard of it, and now all the old women in France shall hear how I defend this castle.' Famine, however, at length succeeded, and the intrepid Welshman, Dafydd ap Jevan, made an honourable capitulation."

In "*Cambrian Minstrelsie*" will be found full accounts of many exquisite songs, together with Welsh and English words, and the original music. Indeed, this is the best and most reliable work on Welsh national melodies ever published. The curious story connected with "*Those Evening Bells*," which Thomas Moore

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wrote in English and Professor Rowlands in Welsh, I here give: "There is an old wife's tale which states that Tom, Dick, and Ned (the original air is called 'Ffarwel Dic Bibydd'—'Dick the Piper's Farewell') went to visit the Black Cave, near Criccieth; but what makes the tale interesting is that they *went* and forgot to *return*, and by this time, doubtless, few of their relatives expect them or expect to hear from them. The Shepherd of Braich y Bib noticed them at the mouth of the cave. Dick the piper played on a flute, and the other two carried lights before him. In five minutes the music changed and Little Tom played another tune. Farther and farther they receded, and weaker and weaker became the sound. By-and-by the Shepherd heard another tune, and he listened to that at the cave's entrance until every note died away. Not one of them has returned to this day."

There is a very favourite fairy song called "Toriad y Dydd" (The Break of Day") which is exceedingly ancient, as may be gathered from this statement by Richard Llwyd in "Cant O Ganeuon gan Ceiriog": "In Wales, as in other pastoral districts, the fairy tales are not yet erased from the traditional tablet; and age seldom neglects to inform youth that if, on

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retiring to rest, the hearth is made clean, the floor swept, and the pails left full of water, the fairies will come at midnight, continue their revels till daybreak, sing the well-known strain of 'Toriad y Dydd,' leave a piece of money upon the hob, and disappear."

Everybody is acquainted with that very old Welsh air "Ar Hyd y Nos," for did not Mrs. Opie in the long ago familiarize us with the words beginning:

" Here beneath a willow weepeth
Poor Mary Ann."

It will be found in most collections under the title of "All through the Night." It has served as the basis of many a drawing room song. Of the ancient melody "Codiad yr Hedydd," to which Professor Rowlands has written English words under the title of "The Rising of the Lark," the following incident is told. It is said to be about two hundred years old. "The composer, David Owen, is stated to have gone to a *noson-larwen* (a merry night) at Plas-y-Borth, Portmadoc, and according to the custom in those times, he had lingered at the feast until two or three o'clock in the morning. The clocks, no doubt, were to blame for the fact! The 'Newport Clock' was not in existence then,

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and could not, therefore, be consulted. However, daybreak overtook David and his harp while wending the way homewards. The young minstrel sat on a stone, which is still pointed out by the inhabitants, to watch a skylark above him giving vent to its merriment at the appearance of the dawn; and there and then played upon his harp the air known ever since as 'Codiad yr Hedydd.'"

The story of the "Maid of Mona's Isle," written to the old melody of "Hobed O Hilion" ("A Bushel of Fragments") is, says the author, Professor Rowlands, ideally true. "It bears," continues the writer in his note, "some resemblance to the 'Stars of Normandie,' but the author had not seen that song when he wrote this. Some years ago he happened to be at a railway station, when he observed a beautiful lady with a sorrowful countenance going round the carriages of a newly arrived train. He was told that her young husband had a long time previously gone abroad, and had never been heard of afterwards. His friends had given him up as lost; but his faithful wife still persisted in believing that he would return, and from day to day met every arriving train for years, with the vain hope of seeing him."

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"I transcribe the first verse of "The Fair Maid of Mona's Isle":

"There once lived a maid in Mona's fair Isle,
Whose sweet face was never lit up with a smile;
She mournfully sighed while others were gay,
And seemed to grow sadder as years passed away.
Near the lonely seashore tide in and tide out
Both morning and ev'ning she wandered about
Wistfully looking across the wide main,
Expecting, expecting, but always in vain!"

It will naturally be of interest to the English reader to know that there have been many workers in the field of research who have lovingly devoted their talents to the rescue and preservation of the songs of Cambria, and amongst the more notable may be mentioned Edward Jones (*Bardd y Brenin*), 1752-1824; John Parry (*Bardd Alaw*), 1776-1851; John Thomas (*Icuan Ddu*), 1795-1871; John Owen (*Owain Alaw*), 1821-1883; Brinley Richards, to whom I refer more fully farther on, 1819-1885. Thomas Love Peacock, who wrote the "March of the Men of Harlech," 1785-1866, John Thomas (*Pencerdd Gwalia*), Dr. Joseph Parry, and Professor David Rowlands, the last three being happily still alive and interesting themselves in the bardic lore of Wales to which the late talented Ceiriog contributed so much.

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Apart from the songs to which I more particularly refer, there are numberless others with legends and stories of purely local fame, and for these the reader is directed to any of the collected labours of the writers and musicians given above. Many of the folk-songs are very quaint and entertaining, and the numerous fairy and fantastic lyrics are full of delicate and humoristic touches. The "Goblin on the Lake," to the tune of "Distyll y Drain," by the way, is a capital example of a modern imitation of the old style. The "Strolling Fiddler" is also a good song. The song "Wrth Edrych Yn Ol" ("Why Lingers Thy Gaze"), with English words by Mrs. Hemans, deserves mention on account of the belief that the original song was written in commemoration of those early Welsh explorers who are said to have been the forerunners of Columbus in the discovery of the new world. "A *Triad* mentions, as one of three missing ones of the Island of Britain: Madog ab Owen Gwynedd ('Lady Owen's Delight' is the name of the air), 'who went to sea with three hundred men in ten ships, and it is unknown whither they went,'—these words contain all that is really known of the Prince's naval explorations; and on this bare fact of his departure, conjecture has founded the interesting

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hypothesis which represents him as the precursor of Columbus in the discovery of the Western Hemisphere." From J. Williams' "History of Wales." As a matter of fact, it has recently been demonstrated that the Welsh had no hand in the discovery of America.

The note to the song of the "Black Monk" says, "Griffith ap Cynan for a period of twelve years was kept in captivity in the City of Chester. In 1092 he was rescued by Kenvrig Heer, who deceived his keepers, though loaded with chains, over the Dee into Wales." The "Black Monk" is a strikingly good song, with English words by Walter Maynard. A very powerful song is the "Monks of Bangor's March," with English words by Sir Walter Scott. Ethelfrid, or Oldfrid, King of Northumberland, having besieged Chester in 613, and Brockmael, a British Prince, advancing to relieve it, the religious folk of the neighboring Monastery of Bangor marched in procession to pray for the success of their countrymen. But the British being totally defeated, the heathen victors put the monks to the sword and destroyed the monastery. This tune is supposed to have been played at the ill-omened monks' procession. "The Cambrian Plume" is a modern song, with music by Brinley Richards and words by Walter

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Maynard (Welsh words by Mynyddg), telling of the plume with its motto "Ich Dien" which is supposed to have been found in the helmet of King John of Bohemia, who was slain in the Battle of Cressy, and, having been adopted by Edward the Black Prince, has been ever since worn as the crest or cognizance of the Prince of Wales as heir apparent to the British crown.

The oldest Welsh melody extant is the plaintive air of "Morva Rhuddlan," composed by King Caradoc's Court Minstrel immediately after the battle of Rhuddlan Marsh, in which the Welsh forces suffered a terrible defeat and their royal chief was left dead upon the field. This tune, than which there is nothing more plaintive in the whole range of music, was composed in the year 795. "Several of the Welsh songs that are most popular at the present day," says a sympathetic scribe, "date from the eleventh century, when the bardic craft was at its zenith in the Principality, and Gryffudd ap Cynan, King of North Wales, held a congress of music masters in the Isle of Anglesey for the purpose of reforming the Order of Welsh Bards, and invited members of the fraternity from Ireland to assist in carrying out the contemplated innovations. The most important of the reforms

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instituted by this venerable assemblage convoked just twenty-six years before the Norman Conquest, appears to have been—according to Mr. John Thomas, the Queen's harpist—the separation of the professions of bard and minstrel; in other words, poetry and music, arts the practice of which had theretofore been united in one and the same person."

"David of the White Rock"—"Dafydd y Garreg Wen," or David Owen, a famous minstrel who was born in 1720. Owen was a skilful performer on the harp, and a clever composer to boot. He died young, but wrote several popular Welsh songs, and about the song named after himself, sometimes called "The Dying Minstrel," the following pathetic incident is told. When David Owen lay on his deathbed, he happened to fall into a trance. His mother, who was watching him at the time, thought the flame of life had gone out. But he suddenly revived, and fixing his eyes upon her said that he had just dreamed a wonderful dream, in which he found himself in heaven, where he had heard the sweetest strains that ever fell on mortal ears. At his request his harp was given to him, and he recalled the music he had heard, and played "Dafydd y Garreg Wen." Just as the last note was dying away his spirit took its flight

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to its eternal home. The air fixed itself in the mother's memory, and was thus preserved for ever.

There is a tender interest attached to the old air of "Dros yr Afon," as being one to which Mrs. Mary Robinson, "Perdita" Robinson, the actress who had the misfortune to attract the attention of the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., wrote some very touching words, called "The Sorrows of Memory." She was a lovely and clever woman, whose beauty and talents were only equalled by her sorrows.

"The Old Sibyl," or "Winifreda," with English words by George Withers, is still a popular song in Wales, at any rate. Winifreda, as Foulkes relates, was the daughter of Thewith, a gentleman of great wealth and influence, who was the owner of the locality on which Holywell stands. Her mother's name was Wenlo, she was descended from an ancient family in Montgomeryshire, and was sister to Saint Beuno. Tradition tells how Saint Beuno restored his niece Winifreda to life after she had been cruelly murdered. The story runs as follows: "Beuno, in the course of his wanderings came to the banks of the Dee, and there he met with Thewith, and Thewith gave unto Beuno land on

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which to build a church, which he did forthwith. One day Thewith and his wife went to hear mass and a sermon from Beuno, leaving their daughter Winifreda at home to take care of the house; and she was a virgin of comely appearance. When she was all alone, the son of a chieftain came in, whose name was Caradoc. The maiden received him with due deference; when he asked where her parents were, and she replied, 'If you have any business with my father, wait, for he will soon return from church.' Thereupon he attempted to ravish her, but she escaped from his hands and ran towards the church where the father was worshipping. Caradoc, in his rage, pursued her, and overtaking her just as she reached the church door, unsheathed his sword and struck her head off, which rolled into the church, while her body fell outside. When Beuno saw this he said to Caradoc, 'I will pray God that He may not spare thee, nor respect thee, any more than thou hast respected this virtuous maid.' And on the instant Caradoc was transformed into a pool of water, and was no more seen in this world. Then Beuno took the maid's head and placed it on the body, and spread a mantle over them; and, addressing the parents, he said, 'Cease your groaning until mass is over.' At the end

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of the service he raised Winifreda to life again ; and on the spot where her blood fell a well of water sprang forth, which is called Winifreda's Well unto this day. The waters of this well—which is situated at Holywell—are supposed to possess miraculous virtues, and pilgrims from all parts of the world still resort thither to be healed by them."

Before finishing up this brief account let me say something about "St. David's Day"; if it be contended that I have quoted too much in this chapter, and told too little, I can only plead in the words of Dr. Johnson, that it is all through "sheer ignorance, sheer ignorance." Many conflicting legends exist as to the real origin of wearing the leek on the 1st of March, but the most generally accepted tale is that King Cadwallader, in 640, gained a complete victory over the Saxons by the special interposition of St. David, who ordered the Britons to wear leeks in their caps that they might recognize each other. The Saxons, for want of some common cognizance, often mistook friends for foes. Drayton gives another version. He says the saint lived in the valley Ewias, situated between the Hatterill Hills, in Monmouthshire. It was here "that reverend British saint to contemplation lived."

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“ And did so truly fast

As he did only drink what crystal Hodney yields,
And fed upon the leeks he gathered in the fields.
In memory of whom in each revolving year
The Welshmen on his day that sacred herb do wear.”

Other authorities trace it back to Druidic times and customs, and insist that the leek from ancient days and ancient peoples has ever been a vegetable of honour and utility. During the funeral rites of Adonis at Byblos, leeks and onions were exhibited in “pots with other vegetables, and called the gardens of that deity.” The leek was worshipped at Ascalon (whence the modern term of scullions) says the erudite Hone, as it was in Egypt. Leeks and onions were deposited in the sacred chests of the mysteries of Isis and Ceres, the *cendven* of the Druids, and assuming that the leek was a Druidic symbol employed in honour of the British *cendven*, or Ceres, there does not seem anything very improbable in presuming that the Druids were a branch of the Phœnician priesthood, and both were addicted to oak worship. However, no matter the origin, the fact remains that the leek is revered more or less in the Principality, and that there is a National song known as “*Dydd Gwyl Dewi*,” of the Leek, sung at all the festivals of “The Society of Ancient Britons.” St. David was canonized, by

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Pope Calixtus, about 700 years after his death, and his commemoration is held on the 1st day of March.

A capital version of this and other Welsh lyrics is to be found in "Cambrian Minstrelsie," edited by Dr. Joseph Parry and Professor Rowlands, published in 1893. It contains the gems of the muse and the music of the old Welsh bards.

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CHAPTER IV

SOME SCOTTISH SONGS

“O NANNY WILT THOU GANG WITH ME?” “THE ROOF OF STRAW,” “BONNIE DUNDEE,” “JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO,” “MAGGIE LAUDER,” “JESSIE THE FLOWER O’ DUNBLANE,” “JEANNIE MORRISON,” “WEE WILLIE WINKIE,” “THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST,” “WERE NA MY HEART LICHT I WOULD DEE,” “AND YE SHALL WALK IN SILK ATTIRE,” “HUNTINGTOWER,” “WILL YE NO COME BACK TO ME?” “AN THOU WERT MY AIN THING,” “LASS O’ PATIE’S MILL,” “THERE’S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE,” “LOGIE O’ BUCHAN,” “LOCHABER NO MORE,” “WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBURGH TOWN,” “BLUE BONNETS OVER THE BORDER,” “ANNIE LAURIE,” “LOGAN WATER,” “SCOTS WHA HAE,” “BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND,” “DONALD DHU,” “ROY’S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH,” “HIGHLAND MARY,” “DUNCAN GREY,” “LASS O’ GOWRIE,” “COMIN’ THROUGH THE RYE,” “CROMLET’S LILT,” “WALY, WALY,” “YE BANKS AND BRAES,” “ONAGH’S WATERFALL,” “FAREWELL TO AYRSHIRE,” AND “TAKE YOUR OLD CLOAK ABOUT THEE”

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As with Ireland, the poetic genius of Scotland has long been acknowledged to be chiefly lyrical, and the multitude of her minor bards, known and unknown, is marvellous to contemplate. One remarkable thing that strikes even the casual observer is that the large majority of the most popular Scottish songs were written by women. For example, Joanna Baillie is responsible for "Saw ye Johnnie Comin'," "Woo'd and Married and a'," and "Poverty parts Good Companie." Lady Anne Barnard gave us "Auld Robin Gray," whose history I have already related; Lady Carolina Nairne penned the inimitable "Land o' the Leal," the ever-green "Caller Herrin'," and the "Laird o' Cockpen," the song of the attainted Scottish nobles which induced George IV. to sanction the restitution of the forfeited title of baron to her husband. Bishop Percy of Dromore, who has earned the gratitude of all ages by the publication of his "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," deserves first and honourable mention for his charming song, "O Nanny wilt thou gang with me?" The ballad is not such a favourite as it was at one time, though it still receives considerable attention north of the Tweed. It was occasioned thus. In 1771 Mrs. Percy was summoned to the Court of

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George III., and appointed nurse to the infant Prince Edward, who was afterwards Duke of Kent and father of our present sovereign, Queen Victoria. When Mrs. Percy had fulfilled the duties required of her, and returned home to her disconsolate husband, he greeted her with the verses, "O Nanny will you go with me?" Nanny being Mrs. Percy's Christian name. The affecting ballad very quickly took high rank, and was regarded by the "Gentleman's Magazine" of 1780 as "the most beautiful song in the English language." It was sung in 1773 at Vauxhall Gardens by Mr. Vernon. It is given in "Popular Songs and Melodies of Scotland" simply to prove, according to the editor's statement, that it belongs to England and not Scotland. Let us say that it belongs to both countries. Mrs. Percy died in 1806, and Bishop Percy in 1811. He was born in 1728.

The music of the song was composed by C. T. Carter, as he is called on the title-page of the "Milesian." Thomas Carter was born in Dublin in 1735, and studied for a time under his father, Timothy Carter, organist of one of the principal churches. He set "O Nanny" to music in 1773, and it was published shortly afterwards. In 1787 Carter was musical di-

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rector of the Royalty Theatre, Goodman's Fields. He died in London, October 14th, 1804.

It is only just to Bishop Percy to say that "O Nanny wilt thou go with me?" was originally written entirely in English without any Scottish expressions or words at all. Perhaps after all I ought to have given it in the English section.

It is not, I think, generally known that Dr. Henry Duncan, the founder of savings banks in Scotland, wrote the "Roof of Straw," which has often been attributed to that prolific penman, Mr. Anon., but such is the case. Commencing life as a banker's clerk, he soon found the duties uncongenial, and resolved to enter the Church of Scotland. At Edinburgh he was the associate of Brougham, Horner, and Henry Petty (afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne); and by the Earl of Mansfield was made the minister of Rothwell in Dumfriesshire, where his first savings bank was established in 1810. A few years later he established the "Dumfries and Galloway Courier," one of the most successful provincial papers, at one time, in the kingdom.

There are two songs bearing the title of "Bonnie Dundee," and the more modern one, written by Sir Walter Scott, is the best known.

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Indeed, I doubt if many people have ever heard of the ancient lyric. Scott, who with Lord Byron, Dr. Johnson, and some other poets shared the affliction of not being able to appreciate music, wrote his verses, if he wrote them to a melody at all, not to the old Scottish air, but to that questionable song the "Jockey's Deliverance," which they fit exactly. Observe the difference of the metre. Here is Scott's "Bonnie Dundee":

"To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claverhouse spoke :
Ere the king's crown go down there are crowns to be broke ;
Then each cavalier who loves honour and me,
Let him follow the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle my horses, and call out my men ;
Unhook the west-port, and let us gae free,
For its up wi' the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee."

And here is the proper "Bonnie Dundee" of far-off times—one of the stanzas which Burns supplied from oral tradition to Johnson's "Musical Museum."

"O, whar did ye get that hanver meal bannock,
O, silly blind body, O, dinna ye see?
I gat it frae a young brisk Sodger Laddie,
Between Saint Johnston and bonie Dundee."

There is not much to commend in the original song except the air, which is in the plaintive

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minor, while Scott's song is in the rollicking major. Here are the first verse and chorus of a mournful version to be found in "Ancient Ballads and Songs," 1827.

"Oh, have I burned, or have I slain,
Or have I done aught of injury ;
I've slighted the lass I may ne'er see again,
The Baillie's daughter of bonny Dundee.

"Bonny Dundee and Bonny Dundas,
Where shall I see sae bonny a lass ?
Open your ports, and let me gang free,
I maunna stay longer in bonny Dundee."

As Scott puts the last two lines of this refrain, into the mouth of Rob Roy towards the end of his midnight interview with Baillie Nicol Jarvie in the Tolbooth of Glasgow, it is natural to suggest that the author of "Waverley" gathered the notion for his own lyric from this one, which was a street favourite. Gay uses it gaily in the "Beggar's Opera." But there is yet another Dundee—"Adieu, Dundee," which is believed to date from the time of James II.—when he dwelt in Scotland, 1679-82—whose nobles may have carried it to England, for it is somewhat similar to an old English song. In "Pills to Purge Melancholy," 1719, will be found the original parts of the chorus adapted by Scott.

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We should be thankful to Scott and Burns though, for preserving these old songs in new dresses, for their first clothing was very scanty and often indecent. As witness the words of the first "John Anderson, my Jo," a provokingly coarse song adapted to a fine church melody; and "John, come kiss me now," "We're a noddin'," and many other songs now clarified and made classic. Burns has immortalized "John Anderson, my Jo," and the lyric is as familiar as household words. One of its predecessors, dating from about 1560, opens in this inviting manner:

"John Anderson, my jo, cum in as ze gae by,
And ze sall get a sheip's heil weel baken in a pye;
Weel baken in a pye, and the haggis in a pat,
John Anderson, my jo, cum in and ze's get that."

It was the phrase that caught Burns, and he has made it his own. Many imitators have tried their hand at this song, notably in a Dunblane continuation of the song. A very clever imitation is to be found in the "Universal Songster," 1825, entitled "Jean Anderson," written by J. Mackey. It is well and feelingly written.

The songs of the Jacobites and the songs of the Covenanters have their especial interest, and have, fortunately, been carefully preserved for

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the most part. "Maggie Lauder," which is claimed to be of both Fifeshire and Renfrewshire descent, I deal with in the next chapter. Only a certain not very edifying version is Scottish—the original is Irish. It was James Ballantine who wrote the beautiful piece called "Ilka blade o' grass keeps its ain drap o' dew." When the author was introduced to Miss Stirling Graham, of Duntrune, then an old lady, she drew him to the window and paid him the delicate compliment, "I would like to see the man who wrote 'Ilka blade o' grass keeps its ain drap o' dew.'" Ballantine, however, modestly disclaimed it by saying he got the line from an old Fife proverb.

Everybody knows "Jessie, the Flower of Dunblane." It was written to an old folk air by John Tannahill, for, perhaps, his friend R. A. Smith. The son of a weaver of silk gauze, born at Paisley, 1774, in the days when Paisley was a flourishing town, he followed in his father's footsteps and became a weaver also; but his great hobby was his flute, and he amused himself by hunting up old melodies and writing fresh words to them, generally, "weaving threads and verses" alternately while engaged in his daily occupations. He paid such court to the muses that, after having had many of his pieces

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set to music by his friend Robert Archibald Smith, in 1807 he published his "Songs and Poems." Some of these became popular, but brought him little fame and less money. He met with many disappointments. James Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd, undertook a journey to Paisley on purpose to make his acquaintance. "The two poets spent an evening together, and the next day," says Sir George Douglas, "Tannahill conveyed his new friend half way back to Glasgow. But at the moment of parting—as if with the knowledge of impending evil, or perhaps having already formed his fatal design—he exclaimed 'Farewell! I shall never see you more!'"

He intimated to his friends wild plans which he had formed for leaving Paisley, to take up his abode in "some sequestered locality," or for canvassing the country in person for subscribers to a new issue of his poems. At last, during a visit to a friend at Glasgow, he complained of the "insupportable misery of life," and is said at that time to have exhibited unequivocal symptoms of mental derangement. At all events his friend returned with him to Paisley. On reaching home he retired to bed, where he was visited by three of his brothers, who left him at about ten o'clock, when he appeared to them suffi-

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ciently calm. Two hours later they returned to inquire for him. They found that his bed was empty and that he had gone out. A search was instituted which led to the discovery of the poet's coat at the side of the tunnel of a neighbouring brook. The rest needs no telling. He perished by his own hand ere he had reached the age of thirty-six. In the art of song-writing Tannahill, in his own particular line, has not been surpassed.

William Motherwell's "Jeannie Morrison" has the double charm of having a real personage for its heroine. The life of Motherwell is of singular interest. He was born in 1797, and died in 1835. It was as a child when he was sent to school in Edinburgh that he first met "Jeannie Morrison," a pretty girl of winning ways about his own age. She made a great impression on the susceptible boy of eleven, though they only knew each other for a short six months. It is presumed that he wrote his one really famous song when he was about eighteen.

Motherwell, who died at the early age of thirty-eight from apoplexy, was an industrious writer and editor of certain newspapers. He published a volume of Scottish songs, "Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern," in 1827.

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William Miller, who gave us "Wee Willie Winkie" and many other children's songs, was a wood-turner by trade, and earned the soubriquet of the "Laureate of the Nursery," and, says Robert Buchanan, "Wherever Scottish foot has trod, wherever Scottish child has been born, the songs of William Miller have been sung." He was born in 1810, and died in 1872. It will be remembered that Rudyard Kipling has written a delightful story of a delightful child called "Wee Willie Winkie."

There are two songs called "The Flowers of the Forest," one by Miss Rutherford, afterwards Mrs. Cockburn, 1765, which is comparatively modern in style, and one by Jane Elliot, written about 1750. The "Flowers of the Forest" are the young men of the districts of Selkirkshire and Peebleshire, anciently known as "The Forest." The song is founded by the authoress, Jane Elliot, upon an older composition of the same name deploring the loss of the Scottish at Flodden Field and of which all has been lost but two or three lines. The first and fourth lines of the opening stanza are the foundation of Miss Elliott's poem :

"I've heard them lilting at our ewe-milking—
Lasses a' lilting before dawn o' day ;
But now they are moaning on ilka green loaming,
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away."

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The melody dates from about 1620. Mrs. Cockburn's lyric is an imitation, and not a good one, of Miss Elliott's.

Lady Grisell Baillie (born Hume), a charming heroine in real life, was the daughter of Patrick, Earl of Marchmont. She was born in 1665, and the song by which she is remembered "Were na my heart licht I would dee," first appeared in the "Orpheus Caledonius" in 1725. Owing to political troubles her father had to lie in hiding for some time in the family vault (which may still be seen) beneath the ivy-clad church of Polwarth on the Green. His daughter used to visit him secretly every night, carrying food for his sustenance and cheering him up as best she could. "The proscribed man's next hiding place was a pit which had been hollowed out by Grisell with her own hands, with the sole assistance of one faithful servant in a room on the ground floor of their house, beneath a bed which drew out." In due time Sir Patrick escaped to the continent, where his family joined him later. But while they yet remained in Scotland, Grisell was the prop and mainstay of her mother and many brothers and sisters, and when they lived in Holland she was the true household fairy and the life and soul of them all during their long days of exile and

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poverty. All this time she had a love affair of her own which caused her much anxiety. But all ended happily. Sir Patrick Hume was recalled and restored to his estates and honour, and the gentle and patient Grisell married her faithful lover George Baillie of Jerviswood. Lady Baillie died in 1746.

Miss Susanna Blamire, the authoress of "And ye shall walk in silk attire," and a number of lyrics more or less popular, was English by birth, but as she chose the Scotch dialect as the vehicle of her muse, Scotland jealously claims her one of her bards. She was born in 1747, and died in 1794. A volume of her poems called "The Muse of Cumberland," appeared fifty years after her decease. The song mentioned appeared to the melody of the "Siller Crown" in the "Musical Museum," 1790. The song of "Huntingtower" is traditional in Perthshire, and is believed to be very ancient. It is not known to have been published, moreover, before 1827, when Kinloch gave in his "Ancient Scotch Ballads" a version of it, taken down from the recitation of an idiot boy in Wishaw. Since that time various versions have appeared, but whether they were also taken down from recitals, or are merely specimens of modern work, is uncertain. One of them was written by Lady

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Nairne, with the express intention of making the ballad agree rather better with modern notions. The air has all the simplicity of the olden time, and may be coeval with the ballad; but it is not known to have been written out till within the last half-century. There is, however, a tune in Durfey's "Pills," v. 42 (reprinted 1719), which bears so strong a resemblance to it, as to suggest the idea that it may have been the form of the melody at that time. The song there adapted to it is an Anglo-Scottish version of "Hey, Jenny, come down to Jock," and is styled the "Scottish Wedding." Aytoun says the original song was called "Richie Storie," and was re-cast and re-set. It was sometimes known as the "Duke of Athol's Courtship," though modern singers are acquainted with it as "When ye gang awa', Jamie." To Lady Nairne we are indebted for that beautifully pathetic melody known as "Will ye no come back again," which she preserved to us by reason of her lyric to "Royal Charlie." The name of the composer is not known, but one can well imagine that the original work was a love song of deep passion and sweetness. It is to be found in only a few collections.

Of Lady Carolina Nairne, *née* Carolina Oli-

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phant, much indeed could be said, for her early life in particular was full of interest, and passed amid much political and poetical excitement. She was christened Carolina in honour of Charles Edward, whose health was a standing toast in the auld house at Gask, where she was born in 1766. From her most youthful days "Carolina's imagination must have been aroused by narratives of the varied adventures of her father and others of her kinsfolk during the 'Forty Five,' when Lawrence Oliphant the younger, then a youth of nineteen, had supped with the Prince at the outset of the Rebellion, had galloped to Edinburgh with the news of Prestonpans, after fighting single-handed with Sir John Cope's runaway dragoons ; had discovered the enemy's movements after the battle of Falkirk, had exchanged a few words with the Prince at Culloden, after all was lost, and had escaped from Scotland by sea and landed in Sweden, a beggar in all but honour," as Sir George Douglas relates in "Minor Scottish Poets." No doubt she saw Prince Charlie many a time, and often heard the Jacobite ballad "Charlie is my Darling," which everyone was singing. Carolina grew up to be such a fascinating and beautiful girl that she was called "The flower of Strathearn." She wrote early and constantly, and her

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songs became favourites through all the country round. There is only need to mention, again, the "Land o' the Leal," "Caller Herrin'," "The Laird o' Cockpen," "The Auld House," "Bonnie Charlie's now awa'," the "Lament of Flora Macdonald," and "The Lass of Gowrie." "Caller Herrin'" was specially written for Nathaniel Gow, a musical composer, son of the more celebrated Neil Gow.

Does anyone ever sing "An thou wert my ain thing," by an anonymous bard, with a melody of exquisite plaintiveness, dating from about 1600? Or Allan Ramsay's "The Lass o' Patie's Mill"? Robert Burns, who never hesitated to praise a good thing when he saw it, said of this song that it was one of Ramsay's best. "In Sir J. Sinclair's statistical volumes," continued Scotland's well-beloved poet, "are two claims, one, I think, from Aberdeenshire, and the other from Ayrshire, for the honour of this song. The following anecdote, which I had from the present Sir William Cunningham of Robertland, who had it of the late John, Earl of Loudon, I can, on such authorities believe: Allan Ramsay was residing at Loudon Castle with the then earl, father to Earl John; and one afternoon, riding or walking out together, his lordship and Allan passed a sweet, romantic

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spot on Irvine water, still called 'Patie's Mill,' where a bonnie lassie was 'tedding' hay, bare-headed on the green. My lord observed to Allan that it would be a fine theme for a song. Ramsay took the hint, and lingering behind he composed the first sketch of it, which he produced at dinner."

That magnificent song, "There's nae luck about the house," which Burns, in a burst of eloquence, declared to be the "finest love ballad of the kind in the Scottish, or perhaps any other language"—to which testimony we can mostly subscribe—it is usually placed to the credit of William Julius Mickle, the translator of Camoen's "Lusiad," and author of several tolerable poems, who was born in 1734, and died in 1788. The song has also been attributed to Jean Adams, who died unknown or forgotten—she was a schoolmistress—in Greenock Workhouse; however, the weight of evidence is in favour of Mickle. But the fifth stanza, which I quote, and which is quite a gem of the composition, was added by Dr. Beattie, the author of "The Minstrel," and a very close follower and disciple of Gray. He was born 1735, and died, after a sorely afflicted life, in 1803. Here is Dr. Beattie's contribution to "There's Nae Luck:—"

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“ Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
His breath's like caller air ;
His very foot has music in't,
When he comes up the stair.
And will I see his face again ?
And will I hear him speak ?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thocht,—
In troth I'm like to greet.”

A wonderful, a haunting song ; to make a man hold his head higher had he written it. The tune is called “Up and Waur at them a', Willie.” A companion song of considerable virtue is “The Boatie Rows,” by John Ewen, who did not practise what he sang. He died 1821.

Mr. Peter Buchan states that “Logie o' Buchan” was written by George Halket, a schoolmaster at Rathen, in Aberdeenshire, who died in 1756. Halket was a Jacobite, and wrote some “Forty-Five” squibs which so offended the Duke of Cumberland that he offered a hundred pounds for the author's head. But it did not come off.

Opinions have long been divided as to whether the old air “Lochaber no more” is Irish or Scottish, but from internal evidence of musical form it seems tolerably evident that the original tune is to be found in “Limerick's Lamentation,” the tradition of which associates its plain-

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tive melody which the events that followed the second capitulation of Limerick in 1690, when at the embarkation of the Irish soldiery at Cork for France, their wives and children were forcibly separated from them under circumstances of unusual barbarity, says that excellent authority "Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians." The verses to it, "Farewell to Lochaber," were written by Allan Ramsay, and the song will be found complete in the "Royal Edition of the Songs of Scotland." When Burns first heard the air he is said to have exclaimed, "Oh, that's a fine tune for a broken heart," a very significant characteristic of the music of a nation suffering unending wrong. The Scotch have long had the reputation of not only stealing Irish melodies but Irish saints as well. Petrie, Walker, Bunting, and Thomas Moore are strong in their conviction of Lochaber's Irish nationality, though Mr. George Farquhar Graham, an excellent authority, believes it to be derived from "Lord Ronald, my Son," as asserted by Burns. In 1692 it was known as "King James's March to Ireland." As a matter of fact, the tune was originally composed by Miles O'Rielly, the celebrated harper of Cavan, who was born 1635. There are several touching anecdotes concerning the song.

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The music of "Within a Mile of Edinburgh Town" was composed by James Hook, progenitor of Theodore the novelist and practical joker, to a modernized version of Tom D'Urfey's words. And as the Hooks, *père et fils*, wrote many operettas and songs together, it is just possible that Theodore brought "Within a Mile" down to date by eliminating the coarseness. The elder Hook was born at Norwich 1746, and died at Boulogne 1827.

Allan Ramsay, when he came across "Blue Bonnets over the Border," inserted it in his "Tea-Table Miscellany" and labelled it "ancient," little knowing that it was written by Sir Walter Scott, who founded it on "General Leslie's march to Longmarston Moor." But most collectors of old songs are bound to be deceived occasionally by falling victims to their own enthusiasm. James Grant in his Preface to "The Scottish Cavalier" says, respecting the original Annie Laurie who inspired Douglas of Finland to write the song known by that name: "History will have rendered familiar to the reader the names of many who bear a prominent part in the career of Walter Fenton; but there are other characters of minor importance who, though less known to fame than Dundee and Dumbarton, were beings who really lived and

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breathed and acted a part in the great drama of those days. Among these we may particularize William Douglas of Finland and Annie Laurie. This lady was one of the four daughters of Sir Robert Laurie, the first baronet of Maxwellton, and it was to her that Douglas inscribed those well-known verses and that little air which now bear her name and are so wonderfully plaintive and chaste for the time; but it is painful to record that, notwithstanding all the ardour and devotion of her lover, the fair Annie was wedded as described in the romance."

As a matter of fact, James Grant does not describe the marriage of Annie Laurie in his story, as he states; William Douglas of Finland is supposed to compose and sing the song when in Flanders. He is killed in battle by the side of his friend Walter Fenton. A ball pierces his breast and he expires holding a lock of Annie's bright brown hair in his hand and murmuring her name.

As already mentioned the lyric came from the pen of William Douglas of Finland. Annie Laurie was the daughter of Sir Robert Laurie by his second wife, Jean, who was a daughter of Riddel of Minto. "As Sir Robert was created a baronet in the year 1685, it is probable," says Robert Chambers, "that the verses were com-

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posed about the end of the seventeenth century." Annie Laurie did not marry her ardent lover (whether he was killed in Flanders as related by Grant, it is difficult to decide: in all likelihood that death was a fiction of the novelist's) but was wedded to Mr. Alexander Fergusson of Craigdarroch in 1709.

By the way, on the authority of Sir Emilius Laurie, a descendant of Sir Walter, third baronet and brother of Annie, the fact that Douglas of Finland or Fingland wrote the song has been proved beyond doubt. In 1854 there lived an old lady who, hearing "Annie Laurie" sung, declared the words were not the ones her grandfather had written. She stated afterwards that her grandfather, Douglas of Fingland, was desperately in love with Annie Laurie when he wrote the song, "but," she added, "he did na get her after all." Asked as to the authenticity of the lines she said: "Oh, I mind them fine. I have remembered them a' my life. My father often repeated them to me." And here is the stanza signed with her name:

“ ‘ Maxwelton’s banks are bonnie,
They’re a’ clad owre wi’ dew,
Where I an’ Annie Laurie
Made up the bargain true,

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Made up the bargain true,
Which ne'er forgot s'all be,
An' for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down an' dee.'

"I mind na mair.

[Signed] "CLARK DOUGLAS.

"*August 30, 1854.*"

In the original song there were but two stanzas, and this is the second:

"She's backit like the peacock,
She's breistit like the swan,
She's jimp around the middle,
Her waist ye weel nicht span—
Her waist ye weel nicht span—
An' she has a rolling e'e,
An' for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down an' dee."

In Alfred Moffatt's "Minstrely of Scotland" it is stated that the third verse, which I give, was written by Lady John Scott, who declared that Allan Cunningham wrote the original verses, which is altogether a misapprehension. Lady Scott has altered the whole song and commences, "Maxwelton *braes*," not "banks."

"Like dew on the gowan lying
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;
Like summer breezes sighing,
Her voice is low an' sweet—

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Her voice is low an' sweet—
An' she's a' the world to me,
An' for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down an' dee."

Here is Annie Laurie's birth "certificate" as written by her father, in what is called the "Barjorg MS.":

"At the pleasure of the Almighty God, my daughter Anna Laurie was borne upon the 16th day of December 1682 years, about six o'clock in the morning, and was baptized by Mr. George — minister of Glencairn."

"Maxwelton House sits high upon its 'braes.' It is 'harled' without and painted white, and is built around three sides of a sunny court. Ivy clammers thriftily about it. Over the entrance door of the tower, and above a window in the opposite wing, are inserted two marriage stones; the former that of Annie's father and mother, the latter of her grandfather and grandmother. The initials of the bride and bridegroom, and the date of the marriage, are cut upon them, together with the family coat of arms, which bears, among other heraldic devices, two laurel leaves and the motto, '*Virtus semper viridis.*' Below the grandfather's marriage stone is cut in the lintel the following:

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"'Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain who build it.'

"Looking up the glen from Maxwellton, the chimneys of Craigdarrock House are seen.

"It is distant about five miles, and Annie had not far to remove from her father's house to that of her husband. She was twenty-eight at the time of her marriage.

"The Fergusons are a much older family, as families are reckoned, than the Lauries. Fergusons of Craigdarrock were attached to the courts of William the Lion and Alexander II. (1214-1249)."

So says F. P. Humphrey in a magazine article to which I am indebted for some points of interest in this record.

Annie Laurie was the mother of Alexander Fergusson, the hero of Burns' song "The Whistle;" while the author of "Annie Laurie" was himself the hero of "Willie was a wanton wag." In regard to the origin of "The Whistle," it may be stated that in the time of Anne of Denmark, when she went to Scotland with James VI., there was a gigantic Dane of matchless drinking capacity. He had an ebony whistle which, at the beginning of a drinking bout he would lay on the table, and whoever was best able to blow it was to be considered

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"Champion of the Whistle." In Scotland the Dane was defeated by Sir Robert Laurie, who after three days' and three nights' hard drinking, left the Dane under the table and "blew on the whistle his requiem shrill." The whistle remained in the family several years, when it was won by Sir Walter Laurie, son of Sir Robert, and then by Walter Riddel of Glenriddel, brother-in-law of Sir Walter Laurie, and finally it fell to Alexander Fergusson of Craigdarroch, son of "Annie Laurie." This final drinking bout took place at Friars Carse, October 16th, 1790.

The first four lines of the second verse of the lyric quoted above, it should be noted, are taken from the vulgar ballad of "John Anderson, my Jo," which, before it was clarified by Burns, appeared in a scarce volume of English songs with music, entitled "The Convivial Songster," of 1782. "Annie Laurie" was "modernized from the foregoing by an unknown hand," in the present century. Was the "unknown hand" one R. Findlater? I am at a loss to understand the meaning of the following brief extract which I take from "Chambers' Journal," July 4th, 1857. Speaking of street minstrels and musicians (p. 12) the writer says: "That very melody they play was composed by a plaided stranger of higher grade and of more noble itinerancy ;

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it is the 'Annie Laurie' of poor Findlater." The only Findlater I have been able to trace was R. Findlater who wrote words for music of only mediocre grade, "In Thy Presence" for instance. The air of "Annie Laurie" as now sung I am compelled to add is quite modern, having been composed, on her own statement, by Lady John Scott, as already indicated. It was a favourite with the British soldiers in their weary encampment before Sebastopol in 1854-5.

The melody of "Logan Water" is of very considerable antiquity, and very Scottish in tonality. The words were written by John Mayne, a native of Dumfries, who eventually settled in London as the editor of "The Star" newspaper. "Logan Water" or "Logan Braes," says Mayne himself in reply to the letter of inquiry from Lord Woodhouselee, "was written and circulated in Glasgow about 1781, inserted in the 'Star' on Saturday May 23rd, 1789, thence copied and sung at Vauxhall, and published soon afterwards by a music dealer in the Strand."

One of the oldest of old Scottish songs—or, to be accurate, of the oldest melodies—is that which we know as "Scots wha hae." Burns himself once said: "Many of our Scots airs have outlived their original and perhaps many

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subsequent sets of verses." Of no air could this be more truly said than the one in question, which is so ancient as to defy the discovery of its origin. It has been traced back to 1512, when it is mentioned by Gavin, Bishop of Dunkeld, as being a favourite song with the people, under the name of "Now the Day Dawis," and is referred to by Dunbar in ridicule of some half-hearted minstrels:

"Your commone minstralis has no tune
But 'Now the Day Dawis' and 'Into June.'"

Alexander Montgomerie wrote fresh words to the air, and in the reign of James IV. it was printed in a Lute Book of "Ayres," which seems to suggest that the music was either by a Frenchman or an Italian attached to the Court, for it was customary to have English, French, Italian, and Irish minstrels employed at the Scottish Court from, at any rate, 1474 to 1550 and later. In later times it received the inexplicable title of "Hey Tuttie, Taitie." Many have tried to solve the mystery of this enigma, but without any notable success. And it is worse than useless to make guesses where there is so little foundation to work upon. In Jacobite days it reappeared (about 1718) as "Here's to the King, Sirs," and was published by Thomson in

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his "Scottish Airs." Then Burns was taken with it, and wrote his famous "Scots, wha hae" in the Kyrielle form of stanza, in which the first three lines rhyme while the fourth is converted into a refrain. Burns was of the impression, or pretended to be, that it was the melody which Bruce's army used when they marched to the battle of Bannockburn. Several stories have been told as to the circumstances under which Burns wrote his stirring lyric, Lockhart inclining to the belief that he got the first idea of it when standing on the field of Bannockburn some six years before the poem was actually matured. The piece was written in July or August, 1793; in all probability after a thunderstorm in the former month, when he was caught in the rain with his friend John Syme. But what does it matter? Burns seemed to delight in occasionally mystifying his friends by springing poems "impromptu" upon them that had been finished long before.

Just a word about "The Blue Bells of Scotland." In the Royal Edition of "Songs of Scotland," Dr. Charles Mackay declares the words to be anonymous, while in his "Thousand and One Gems of Song" he ascribes them to Mrs. Grant of Laggan, in the year 1799 (who was not the same Mrs. Grant who

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was responsible for "Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch"), but the version that he prints in these works is entirely different from the one given by Chappell, who describes it as an "old English Border song," the tune being composed by Mrs. Jordan about 1780. This was Mrs. Dora Jordan, the celebrated actress. She was a fairly accomplished vocalist and musician, and sprang from Dublin, where her parents resided. She was at the height of her fame in 1785, when she made her first London appearance in the "Country Girl." She sang the "Blue Bells" first in London in 1786. In May, 1800, she again sang the song on her benefit night at Drury Lane Theatre, and made the air popular throughout the kingdom. Chappell's version of the lyric is the one most familiar I fancy to the majority of people, and is the one generally to be met with in the best collections of words. The first verse runs :

" Oh, where and where is your Highland Laddie gone?
Oh, where and where is your Highland Laddie gone?
He's gone to fight the French for King George upon the throne,
And it's oh ! in my heart how I wish him safe at home."

A new version of the words in the Scottish dialect, by Miss Stirling Graham of Duntrune, is given in "Popular Songs and Melodies of

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Scotland," but they are not so smooth or appropriate as Mrs. Grant's. As for the air, it seems more ancient than Mrs. Jordan's time, and most likely she altered it, or had it altered, for her own vocalization. There is a decided military flavour about the whole composition, and in all probability she sang it as a compliment to the Duke of Clarence during his absence on war service.

The ancient pibroch—"Donald Dhu"—written by Sir Walter Scott in 1816, belonged to the clan Macdonald, and is supposed to refer to the expedition of Donald Balloch, who in 1431 launched from the isles with a considerable force, invaded Lochaber, and at Inverlochy defeated and put to flight the earls of Mars and Caithness, though at the head of an army superior to his own.

The playing of the air on the bagpipe, though it may freeze the marrow of the Sassenach, has a very inspiring effect on the Highlander, as the following anecdote will prove. At the battle of Quebec, in April, 1760, whilst the British troops were retreating in confusion, the general complained to a field-officer of Fraser's regiment of the bad behaviour of his corps. "Sir," answered he with some warmth, "you did very wrong in forbidding the pipes to play

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this morning ; nothing encourages Highlanders so much on a day of action. Nay, even now they would be of us." "Let them blow like the devil, then," replied the general, "if it will bring back the men." And the pipers being ordered to play a favourite pibroch or cruin-eachadh, the Highlanders, who were broken, returned the moment they heard the music, and formed with great alacrity in the rear.

"Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch" was written by Mrs. Grant of Carron, afterwards Mrs. Murray of Bath, and is believed to be founded on fact. We are told, says the editor of the "Songs and Melodies of Scotland," that in 1727 John Roy, son of Thomas Roy of Aldivalloch, was married to Isabel, daughter of Allister Stewart, sometime resident in the Cabrach, a highland district of Aberdeenshire. It would appear that the marriage was not a happy one, for she made an attempt to escape, but was brought back by her husband. Such an occurrence in a quiet locality is sure to be the occasion of a ballad more or less rude, and this did not fail in the present instance. Out of this slight beginning Mrs. Grant is said to have produced her song. The air to which the lyric was written was known as "The Ruffian's Rant." Mrs. Grant was born about 1763, and died about

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1814. As to the cause of the quarrel between Roy and his wife tradition is dumb. A wicker basket containing oat-cakes has been darkly hinted.

The tune of Burns's "Highland Mary" was originally known as "Lady Katherine Ogle, a new dance" (1688). But as a "Scottish tune" it appeared a year previously in Playford's "Apollo's Banquet." In all probability it was popular with the people long before, both in England and Scotland, but from internal evidence the air seems to be chiefly Scottish in construction.

In regard to "Duncan Gray," Stenhouse says in the "Museum:" It is generally accepted that this lively air was composed by Duncan Gray, a carter or carman in Glasgow, about the beginning of last century, and that the tune was taken down from his whistling it two or three times to a musician in that city. It is inserted in MacGibbon and Oswald's "Collections." The words were written by Burns in 1792.

"The Lass o' Gowrie," by Lady Nairne, was founded on an older ballad by William Reid of Glasgow, called "Kate o' Gowrie," which is still sung. The melody is known as "Loch-Eroch Side," which was taken from "O'er young to marry yet," 1757.

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"Comin' thro' the Rye," according to Chappell, was first sung in a Christmas pantomime in London in 1795, when it was called "If a body meet a body going to the fair." But though some have said Rye with a capital R referred to a streamlet of that name in Ayrshire, it has been proved that Burns scratched a stanza of the song on a pane of glass at Mauchline in this form :

"Gin a body kiss a body comin' through the grain,
Need a body grudge a body what's a body's ain."

But did Burns really write the lyric at all? I have read at least six different versions of the song, and the one attributed by Joseph Skipsey to Burns is the least meritorious. Mr. Anon., I fancy, was the author. Dr. Mackay, in his "Book of Scotch Songs," published about 1852, says it is anonymous, but altered by Burns! He also gives a "stage" version. It is very old, and that is all that can be safely said of it. A version of the tune appeared in Gow's collection, 1784, as the "Miller's Daughter."

This "Comin' thro' the Rye" has, of course, no connection with Allan Ramsay's "Gin ye meet a bonnie Lass," which is a happy paraphrase of Horace's celebrated "Vides ut alta."

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It was sung to the elegant air of "Fie, gar rub her ower wi' strae."

Of Scottish Songs with entertaining histories in little, there is no end, and in particular those that Ramsay and Burns rescued from oblivion. It is only fair to just glance at one or two in this section. "Bessie Bell and Mary Gray," by Allan Ramsay, was founded on an ancient ballad of the same name, which was well known throughout Great Britain. The music was inevitably made use of by Gay in the "Beggar's Opera" to words beginning :

"A curse attends that woman's love
Who always would be pleasing."

The heroines of this well-known ballad were the daughters of two Perthshire gentlemen. Bessy Bell was the daughter of the Laird of Kinnaird, and Mary Gray of the Laird of Lynedoch. A romantic attachment subsisted between them, and they retired together to a secluded spot called the "Burn Braes," in the neighbourhood of Lynedoch, to avoid the plague that then raged in Perth, Dundee, and other towns. They caught the infection, however, and both died. Tradition asserts that a young gentleman who was in love with one of them, visited them in their solitude, and that it was

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from him they caught the contagion and died. A later gallant, Lord Lynedoch, on whose estate the heroines lie buried, erected a kind of bower over their graves.

It is very curious that besides the two Irish stories connected with the melody of "Robin Adair," already related in an early chapter, there should be, according to Burns, another associated with Scottish tradition. The ballad is called "Cromlet's Lilt," or more generally "Since all thy vows, false maid." It is anonymous, and first appeared in book print in Ramsay's "Tea-Table Miscellany," 1724. The note to the song in "Johnson's Museum" says: "The following account of this plaintive dirge was communicated to Mr. Riddel by Alexander Fraser Tytler of Woodhouselee: "In the latter end of the sixteenth century the Chisholms were proprietors of the estate of Cromleck (now possessed by the Drummonds). The eldest son of the family was very much attached to a daughter of Stirling of Ardoch, commonly known by the name of Helen of Ardoch. At that time the opportunities of meeting betwixt the sexes were more rare, consequently more sought after than now; and the Scottish ladies, far from priding themselves on extensive literature, were thought sufficiently

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book-learned if they could make out the Scriptures in their mother-tongue. Writing was entirely out of the line of female education. At that period the most of our young men of family sought of fortune, or found a grave, in France. Cromleck, when he went abroad to the war, was obliged to leave the management of his correspondence with his mistress Helen to a lay brother of the monastery of Dumblain, in the immediate neighbourhood of Cromleck, and near Ardoch. This man, unfortunately, was deeply sensible of Helen's charms. He artfully prepossessed her with stories to the disadvantage of Cromleck, and by misinterpreting, or keeping back the letters and messages intrusted to his care, he entirely irritated both. All connection was broken off between them; Helen was inconsolable; and Cromleck has left behind him, in the ballad called 'Cromlet's Lilt,' a proof of the elegance of his genius, as well as the steadiness of his love. When the artful monk thought time had sufficiently softened Helen's sorrow, he proposed himself as a lover. Helen was obdurate; but, at last, overcome by the persuasions of her brother, with whom she lived, and who, having a family of thirty-one children, was probably very well pleased to get her off his hands, she submitted,

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rather than consented, to the ceremony. But there her compliance ended; and, when forcibly put into bed, she started quite frantic from it, screaming out that after three gentle taps on the wainscot at the bed-head she heard Cromleck's voice crying, 'Helen! Helen! mind me!' Cromleck soon after coming home, the treachery of the confidant was discovered, her marriage annulled, and Helen became Lady Cromleck."

At one time the song was adapted and sung to the fine old Irish melody of "Eileen Aroon," and known all over the world as "Robin Adair." Both ballad and original melody are included in the second edition of Thomson's "Orpheus Caledonius," 1733. Geddes chose the air for one of the hymns in the "Saints' Recreation," compiled in 1673, and published in 1683. This hymn is entitled "The Pathway to Paradise; or, The Pourtraiture of Piety."

The history of the quaint and touching ballad of "Oh waly, waly, up the bank," is unknown. An interesting version of its supposed origin is given in Christie's "Traditional Ballad Airs," 1871, under the name of the "Marchioness of Douglas." The melody is very ancient, and probably dates from the reign of Mary Queen of Scots. Gay turned it to account in his

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second opera, "Polly," 1792, for "Adieu! adieu! all hope of bliss."

Burns's excellent "Ye Banks and Braes o' bonnie Doon" was one of his happiest efforts. In a letter to Thomson in 1794 he says, "There is an air called 'The Caledonian Hunt's delight,' to which I wrote a song that you will find in Johnson. 'Ye Banks and Braes o' bonnie Doon,' might, I think, find a place among your hundred, as Lear says of his knights. Do you know the history of the air? It is curious enough. A good many years ago Mr. James Miller, W. S. in your good town, a gentleman whom possibly you know, was in company with our friend Clarke; and talking of Scottish music, Miller expressed an ardent desire to be able to compose a Scots' air. Mr. Clarke, probably by way of joke, told him to keep to the black keys of the harpsichord, and preserve some kind of rhythm, and he would infallibly compose a Scots' air. Certain it is that in a few days Mr. Miller produced the rudiments of an air, which Mr. Clarke, with some touches and corrections, fashioned into the tune in question. Ritson, you know, has the same story of the *black keys*; but this account which I have just given you Mr. Clarke informed me of several years ago. Now, to show you how difficult

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it is to trace the origin of airs, I have heard it repeatedly asserted that this was an Irish air; nay, I met with an Irish gentleman who affirmed that he had heard it in Ireland among the old women, while on the other hand, a countess informed me that the first person who introduced the air into this country was a baronet's lady of her acquaintance, who took down the notes from an itinerant piper in the Isle of Man. How difficult then to ascertain the truth respecting our poesy and music." Difficult indeed, when we remember that Burns himself was a great culprit at disguising and appropriating any melody that took his fancy. For example, here is what he writes to this friend Thomson, the publisher, in another letter, respecting an Irish tune of extreme beauty: "Do you know a blackguard Irish song called 'Onagh's Waterfall'? The air is charming, and I have often regretted the want of decent verses to it. It is too much at least for my humble rustic muse to expect that every effort of hers shall have merit." Burns wrote some very ordinary stanzas to it, called "Sae flaxen were her ringlets." Whether the tune of "Bonnie Doon" is Irish or Scottish, it certainly bears a close resemblance to an English song, "Lost is my Quiet," published in Dale's "Collection of English Songs" towards

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the latter end of last century. It is claimed as Scottish, however, with some show of reason, in Glen's "Collection of Scottish Dance Music," 1891.

Richard Gall's "Farewell to Ayrshire" was attributed to Burns through Gall himself impudently affixing Burns's name thereto, and sending it to the editor of the "Scots' Musical Museum," in which it was inserted. Gall's biographer in the "Biographica Scotia" exposed the fraud in 1805.

"Take your old cloak about thee" may be English or it may be Scottish. It has been common to both countries for about three centuries. Shakespeare introduces a stanza from it in "Othello" for Iago to sing. In its original English form, from the first MS., it will be found in Percy's "Reliques," 1765; in its Scottish dress for the first time in the "Tea-Table Miscellany." The Scottish version simply is a Scottish version of the ancient English. One never comes across an Englished Scottish song; but the reverse is to be met with in countless cases.

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CHAPTER V

IRISH SONGS—ANCIENT AND MODERN

GENERAL REMARKS. "THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS," "BRIDGET CRUISE," "THE LAST IRISH BARD," "THE HAWK OF BALLY SHANNON," "BUMPER, SQUIRE JONES," "MAGGY LAIDIR," "PLANXTY DAVIS," "THE BROWN THORN," "MOLLY ASTORE," "BANNA'S BANKS," "COOLIN'," "SUMMER IS COMING," JACOBITE SONGS, "HY-BRASIL," "WAITING FOR THE MAY," "ROISIN DHU," "THE IRISH KEEN," "OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY," "THE WHITE COCKADE," "THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING," "THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME," "I AM ASLEEP," "THE BLACKBIRD," "ST. PATRICK'S DAY," "ST. PATRICK OF IRELAND," "ST. PATRICK WAS A GENTLEMAN," "THE SHAMROCK," "THE SPRIG OF SHILLELAH," "THE NIGHT BEFORE LARRY WAS STRETCHED," "CRUISKIN LAWN," "THE SHAN VAN VOGHT," "GRANA WEAL," "TWISTING OF THE ROPE," "THE DEAR IRISH BOY," "CANADIAN BOAT SONG," MOORE'S SONGS, "GROVES OF BLARNEY," "TERENCE'S

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FAREWELL," "LORD MAYO," "THE MONKS OF
THE SCREW," "RORY O'MOORE," "GARRYOWEN,"
"WEARING OF THE GREEN," AND STREET SONGS

THE congenial task is not always the easiest to accomplish. Ireland has produced so many poets, major and minor, racy of the soil, and indigenous of the best traditions, that it is somewhat difficult to know which to include and which to exclude. So many of the ancient songs of Ireland that are quite unknown, except to the initiated few, possess so much historical and domestic interest that it is quite distressing to the conscientious scribe to be compelled, acting in accordance with the plan laid down, to omit them. Had Irish chroniclers been as industrious as have been the Scottish, English people would not have remained so long in ignorance of the magnificent store of legendary, historical, political, pathetic and humorous ballads and lyrics which is so near at hand, but which has never been properly investigated and explored; never been thoroughly collected and collated for the benefit of Great Britain at large. There are numberless collections of Irish songs, it is true, published under more or less un-national, fanciful titles, but an injudicious enthusiasm has monopolized the common sense

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of too many of the editors of these Collections and Anthologies, and consequently much rubbish has been included that might well have been allowed to seek the shade in the sheltering protection of the literary dust-bin.

In Irish folk and country songs is seen the terrible havoc that a devastating history has played on a sorrow-brooding, sensitive nation whose chief characteristics have ever been fantastic light-heartedness and humorous indifference to the inevitable with the antithesis of sadness and despair to its lowest depths. These curious traits which have been fostering for lengthy generations—say from the time of Henry II.—have had such an effect upon the poets and poetry of Ireland, that one string at least of the harp seems to have been snapped in twain and a foreign minor has usurped its place. And thus too it has occurred that the best work of Irish writers has been done on alien soil—in lands free from the tearless gloom and pathos that has bowed them down in their own home. Therefore the most brilliant achievements in the artistic world that has marked that marvellous intellectuality of the Irish giants have reached fruition in a country other than their own.

It is but to repeat an accepted fact that Ireland, in her earliest ages, when the inhabitants

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of Britain were semi-savages, was the centre of a cultivation of surprising extent and refined quality. Her harpers and bards—who in later ages developed into wandering minstrels and itinerant musicians—were honoured for their art, for their precepts and their practice, as the uninformed may gather from the many tomes of recent years rescued and revived, telling of those bygone periods of Erin's grandeur and glory. Ballads of extraordinary felicity and power abound, quite equal to any that have grown familiar to the English reader through those praiseworthy volumes of Ancient Poetry of England, Scotland and Wales—though justice has not yet been done to the bardic wealth of the latter country.

However, I must not linger by the way over

“ Old unhappy far-off things
And battles long ago,”

but must endeavour to tell the stories of some of Ireland's songs.

Much can be gathered of the ancient practice of music in Ireland, and of the origin of the harp in the works of Giraldus Cambrensis and of Petrie; Walker's “Memoirs of the Irish Bards,” Bunting, Holden, Hardiman's “Irish Minstrelsy,” Curry's “Manners and Customs of

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the Ancient Irish," and other standard authorities. Much information also respecting the harp, particularly in the Highlands of Scotland where it was much used until about the year 1740, will be found in Jamieson's "Letters from the North of Scotland," and John Gunn's "Inquiry;" and from the latter, as giving an independent statement, I quote the following: "I have been favoured with a copy of an ancient Gaelic poem, together with the music to which it is still sung in the Highlands, in which the poet personifies and addresses a very old harp, by asking what had become of its former lustre? The harp replies that it had belonged to a *King of Ireland* and had been present at many a royal banquet; that it had afterwards been successively in the possession of Dargo, son of the Druid of Baal—of Saul—of Finlan—of Oscar—of O'Duivne—of Diarmid—of a Physician—of a Bard—and lastly of a Priest, who in a secluded corner was meditating on a white book." Gunn was born 1765 and died 1810, after a very industrious life. Doubtless it has slipped from the memory of both the Irish and Scottish, and especially the latter, that Ireland was the school of the Highland Scotch, and that it was customary to send to Ireland "all who adopted either poetry or music as a pro-

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fession" to finish their education, "till within the memory of persons still living," so says the Jamieson above referred to. Robert Jamieson published several works on Border and Scottish Minstrelsy. He was born about 1780 and died 1844. It is needless to add that the natives of Southern Scotland also took advantage of the same high educational academies which were so celebrated in Ireland at one time. Ireland decidedly gave its music to Scotland, and thence it may be traced in the modern history of the art imparting much of its beauty and sweetness to Italy. According to the poet Tassoni the ancient music of the Irish or Scotch (Ireland, by the way, was originally called Scotia, that is, the land of the Scots or Gaedhils—and the term was then [about the year 900] applied only to Erin) and particularly to the compositions of the first James of Scotland, was imitated by Gesualdus, the chief of the Italian composers and greatest musical reformer of the sixteenth century. The famous Geminiani frequently declared that the works of Gesualdus were his first and principal study. Hence, probably, his acknowledged partiality for Irish music and his well known admiration of the bard O'Carolan. Geminiani declared "that we have in the dominions of Great Britain no original

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music except the Irish." The fruits of all ancient Scotch music may be said to have germinated from Irish seeds. Francesco Geminiani was born at Lisbon, 1680, and visited England and Ireland several times. He died in Dublin 1761.

Of the work by the last Irish bard, the Ode to "Bridget Cruise," the music as well as the words were by Turlough O'Carolan, and it may be said that without being entitled to the lavish praise bestowed upon it by some enthusiasts, it is very plaintive and touching and worth preserving. These words of Hardiman, so pregnant with truth, deserve recording: "It has been the fate of Irish poetry, from the days of Spenser to the present time, to be praised or censured by the extremes of prejudice, while the world was unable to decide for want of the original poems or translations of them." It is to be regretted that these "extremes" are still at work.

A singular anecdote, highly illustrative of the romantic tendency of O'Carolan's first love, Bridget Cruise, to whom he wrote several songs, may be mentioned. He once went on a pilgrimage to a cave located on an island situated on Lough Dearg, in the county Donegal. On returning to the shore he found several persons waiting for the boat in which he had been conveyed to the spot. In his kind desire to help

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some of these pilgrims into the boat, he happened to take the hand of a female, and suddenly exclaimed "Dar lama mo Chardais Crist" ("This is the hand of Bridget Cruise"). He was not deceived; it was the hand of her who had engaged his youthful affections and whose image had been so deeply engraved in his heart. On this incident Samuel Lover wrote a charming song called "Carolan and Bridget Cruise."

Love songs, drinking songs, songs of the fairies—O'Carolan treated them all with equal candour and ability, and were his pieces of more than local repute, many entertaining stories of their origin could be told. "O'More's Fair Daughter;" the melody of which, I believe, has never been written down, was a love song, written by O'Carolan for one of the younger members of the O'Donnell family, who fell in love with the "Hawk of Bally Shannon," whom he accidentally met one day near her father's house. Begging for a glass of water as a pretence to have converse with her, he resolved at all costs to win her for his wife. O'Carolan wrote a song especially for him to sing to an ancient air by Rory Dall, which on the first opportunity he performed by harp and voice, and won the daughter of the renowned O'More for his bride. Much could be written about O'Carolan who

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wrote and composed a vast quantity of songs, some of which are preserved by Walker, Hardiman, and Bunting, but as his pieces are not known except in a few cases outside the land in which they were born, I refrain from giving more. The music of several of O'Carolan's composing will be found adapted to English words and often claimed as of English origin, but to give a full list of these would be only tiring to the reader. "Bumper, Squire Jones," which is usually stated to be O'Carolan's, was really written by Arthur Dawson, Baron of the Exchequer, to O'Carolan's air of "Planxty Jones." The following history of the song is taken from the "Dublin University Magazine" for January, 1841.

"Respecting the origin of O'Carolan's fine air of 'Bumper, Squire Jones,' we have heard a different account from that given on O'Neill's authority. It was told us by our lamented friend the late Dean of St. Patrick's, as the tradition preserved in his family: O'Carolan and Baron Dawson, the grand or great-grand-uncle to the dean, happened to be enjoying together, with others, the hospitalities of Squire Jones, of Moneyglass, and slept in rooms adjacent to each other. The bard being called upon by the company to compose a song or tune in

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honour of their host, undertook to comply with their request, and on retiring to his apartment took his harp with him, and, under the inspiration of copious libations of his favourite liquor not only produced the melody, now known as 'Bumper, Squire Jones,' but also very indifferent English words to it. While the bard was thus employed, however, the judge was not idle. Being possessed of a fine musical ear, as well as of considerable poetical talents, he not only fixed the melody in his memory, but actually wrote the noble song now incorporated with it before he retired to rest. The result may be anticipated. At breakfast on the following morning when O'Carolan sang and played his composition, Baron Dawson, to the astonishment of all present, and of the bard in particular, stoutly denied the claim of O'Carolan to the melody, charged him with audacious privacy, both musical and poetical, and, to prove the fact, sang the melody to his own words amidst the joyous shouts of approbation of all his hearers—the enraged bard excepted, who vented his execrations in curses on the judge both loud and deep."

The trick was exposed later, but it was long ere the ruffled bard was mollified.

"Maggy Laidir" (pronounced *Lauder*),

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though claimed by the Scotch, is of pure Irish creation, and dates from the seventeenth century. Alfred Moffatt says, in "Minstrelsy of Scotland," that the tune is printed in Adam Craig's "A Collection of the Choicest Scots Tunes," Edinburgh, 1730. Even so, but it was published twenty-four years earlier in Ireland. Mrs. Oliphant, in her entertaining "Memorial of Principal Tulloch," says, speaking of Tulloch's predecessor at St. Mary's, ". . . and Dr. Tennant of merry memory,—the author of 'Maggie Lauder' and 'Anster Fair,' not perhaps to be described as academical productions—that of Hebrew," meaning that he held the Chair. Now it is very certain that Dr. Tennant did not write the Scottish version of "Maggie Lauder," and it is doubtful whether Francis Semple of Beltres, who is credited with the authorship, was capable of turning out such a song, judging by his other productions, the style of which is entirely different from "Maggie." But the original "Maggie Laidir" was not Scottish at all; the first authentic published appearance of the song in Scotland was in 1776 in "Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs," while the Irish "Maggy" was printed in 1706 as stated by Hardiman in his "Irish Minstrelsy" (1831). Its antiquity is also vouched for by Walker. It was written by John

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O'Neacthan, author of several poetic compositions in his native tongue. It was properly speaking a drinking song—"Maggie Laidir" being one of the many fanciful names by which Ireland has been designated—and is a description of an Irish feast. The song used to be sung by the chairman or president of the meeting. There are ten verses containing praises of the chiefs, blessings for Ireland's friends, and curses long and earnest for her enemies. Hardiman declares "Maggy Laidir" in point of composition to be superior to "O'Rourke's Feast" so humorously translated by Dean Swift from a traditionary ballad put together by MacGavin of Leitrim, a contemporary of O'Carolan. It was composed to celebrate a great feast given by The O'Rourke, a chieftain of Leitrim, upon his taking leave of his neighbours to visit Queen Elizabeth. The ruins of the castle where the feast took place still stands. O'Rourke was put to death in England.

The author of "Bardic Remains" is very indignant with the Scottish collectors of unconsidered musical pieces, and says, "The air as well as the words of 'Maggy Laidir,' though long naturalized in North Britain, is Irish. When our Scottish kinsmen were detected appropriating the ancient saints of Ireland (would

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that they would rid us of some modern ones), they took a fancy to its music. Not satisfied with borrowing the art, they despoiled us of some of our sweetest airs, and amongst others 'Maggy Laidir.' The name signifies in the original, strong or powerful Maggy, and by it was meant Ireland, also designated by our bards under the names of Sheela na Guira, Grauna Weale, Roisin Dubh, etc. By an easy change, the adjective *laidir*, strong, was converted into *Lauder*, the patronymic of a Scotch family, and the air was employed to celebrate a famous courtesan of Crail. Although Ireland was always famous for sanctity and music, and could spare liberally of both, yet our countrymen ever felt indignant at the unacknowledged appropriation of many of their favourite saints and airs by their northern relatives. Now and then, some dauntless hagiographer ventured to vindicate, and succeeded in restoring a few purloined ascetics; but, until lately, the Irish had other things, more material than music, to defend; and it was not until Mr. Bunting appeared that any effectual effort was made to rescue our national melodies from Scotland and oblivion."

Even Thomson, the publisher and friend of Burns, had some pricks of conscience occasionally on the question of his wholesale ablation, for

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he writes, in his preface to the "Select Melodies of Scotland," "Some airs are claimed by both countries, but by means of the harpers or pipers who used to wander through the two, particular airs might become so common to both (Ireland and Scotland) as to make it questionable which of the countries gave them birth." Burns wrote in a similar strain on more than one occasion. But the Irish origin of much of the Scottish music has long been admitted by the best informed writers on the subject. O'Kane was one of the "famous harpers" (referred to by Boswell in his "Journal of a Tour through the Hebrides") and Laurence O'Connallon (some say his name was William) was another who wandered through Scotland playing the best of the Irish melodies. The latter was brother to the celebrated Thomas O'Connallon, who composed upwards of seven hundred airs. At his death Laurence (or William) used to play such of his pieces as pleased most, including "Planxty Davis," since well known as the "Battle of Killiecrankie," and "Farewell to Lochaber." But my authority is wrong about the latter. The music and words were from the heart and brain of Miles O'Reilly of Killincarra, in the county of Cavan, born about 1635. He was universally referred to by the harpers of Belfast (1792) as

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the composer of the original "Lochaber." This is believed to have been carried into Scotland by Thomas O'Connallon, born five years later than O'Reilly at Cloonmahon in the county of Sligo. O'Neill calls him the "Great harper," and states that he attained to city honours—"they made him, as I heard, a 'Baillie,' or kind of Burgomaster"—in Edinburgh, where he died. His celebrity in Ireland was very great, and he left his mark in Scotland. Many songs of praise were written by other bards in honour of O'Connallon's wonderful facility.

In further support of the contention that the air of Lochaber is Irish, I would draw attention to a work in the British Museum, entitled "New Poems, Songs, Prologues, and Epilogues, never before printed, by Thomas Duffett, and set by the most Eminent Musicians about the Town, London, 1676." In this volume is a song beginning, "Since Cœlia's my Foe," which, instead of having the name of the composer, as is the case with the other pieces, is headed, "Song to the Irish Tune," and this very Irish tune is the one the Scottish claim as Scottish, presumably, because Allan Ramsay wrote words to the melody, but Ramsay was not born until 1696, twenty years after the publication of Duffett's song to *the* Irish tune; and the "Tea-Table

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Miscellany," in which "Farewell to Lochaber, farewell to my Jean," first appears, was not issued until 1724. In the "Book of Scottish Songs," it is stated that the *original* name of the melody of Lochaber was "King James's March to Ireland," but as the melody known as "The Irish Tune" was popular in the reign of Charles II., before James was King, the very title damages Scotland's claim. Again, James did not go to Ireland until 1688, while the tune was already a favourite in London as "The Irish Tune," twelve years before that. There were about a dozen different sets of words, all English, prior to 1720, and contemporaneously with Ramsay's publication; but not a syllable of "Lochaber" or "King James" is mentioned in connection therewith. It was introduced into the "Lover's Opera," 1730, as performed at the Theatre Royal by His Majesty's Servants, by Mr. Chetwood. As I have previously stated, the air was composed by Miles O'Reilly, and was carried into Scotland by O'Connallon. Thomas Duffet, as his name unmistakably shows, was an Irishman, who commenced life in London as a milliner, in the New Exchange, London. Beside "Since Cœlia's my Foe," he wrote "Come all you pale Lovers," and a number of burlesques that were very successful on the

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stage. He flourished between 1600 and 1700. Samuel Lover, to whom I am indebted for confirmatory information on this subject, gives the original air at the end of his "Irish Poems," 1858.

Of "Droigheanan Dunn" which literally is the "Brown Thorn," a most exquisite ballad claimed both by Munster and Connaught, though the latter has undoubtedly the right to it, John Bernard Trotter, private secretary to Charles James Fox, says in a small pamphlet on Irish Music: "It had been conjectured that the era of 'Droigheanan Dunn' was before the introduction of Christianity; that it was composed for the celebration of the *Baal Thinne*, or the midsummer fire, in which the thorn was particularly burnt. Be this as it may, it is justly celebrated as one of the sweetest melodies; and whatever be the era of its composition, is an intrinsic proof that we possessed at the earliest periods, a style as peculiar and excellent in music, as our Round Towers prove we did in architecture. The origin of both has perished, but the things themselves remain as incontestible memorials." It is the same with so many of the songs and ballads still dear to the hearts of the peasantry, if not to others.

Coming to "Molly Astore," which is familiar to the whole world of song-singers through the

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Right Honourable George Ogle's use of the melody for his ballad beginning,

“As down by Banna's banks I strayed.”

Burns called this a “heavenly air,” and Bernard Trotter says, “It is evidently the production of the purest era of Irish song, as it has the general character of its sweet and touching melody.” The version by the Honourable George Ogle (1739–1844) is better than the original, if one may judge by Thomas Furlong's translation. Richard Brinsley Sheridan also wrote to this air the pretty song in “The Duenna” called, “Had I a heart for falsehood framed.” The sentiment of “How oft Louisa,” in the same piece, was also taken from an Irish song. This song must not be confused with the song entitled “The Banks of Banna,” also written by the Right Honourable George Ogle, and lifted bodily by the Scottish. “It is,” says Samuel Lover in 1858, “little short of a century since this song was written by Mr. Ogle, to the beautiful melody generally known as the ‘Banks of Banna,’ but whose ancient title is ‘Down beside Me.’ It is, one may say, notoriously Irish, yet it has been published in Wood's ‘Songs of Scotland,’ 1851, with the note, that ‘the air has

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been sometimes claimed as Irish.” It would be little less ridiculous if the editor had said “St. Patrick’s Day” had been sometimes claimed as Irish. The air has long been coveted by the Scotch publishers and editors, for, as far back as 1793 Burns thus writes to George Thomson, “You are quite right in inserting the last five in your list, though they are certainly Irish. ‘Shepherds I have lost my Love’ (Banks of Banna) is to me a heavenly air ; what would you think of a set of Scottish verses to it ? . . . Set the tune to it and let the Irish verses follow.”

Burns wrote some verses, but they were rejected by Thomson. Says Lover, “For what could be hoped of a song beginning thus :

“ ‘ Yestreen I got a pint of wine
A place where body saw na :
Yestreen lay on this breast of mine
The gowden locks of Anna.’

It is surprising how Burns could write such trash.” Then in 1824 Thomson himself tried his hand at writing a lyric to fit the music, and a pretty mess he made of it. Moore, in 1810, wrote his charming lines “On Music” to it, and succeeded very well. In 1851, as the Scottish editor failed to secure suitable Caledonian verses, he got over his difficulty by calmly

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appropriating the Irish song altogether. "This," adds Lover, "is Scottish song-making made easy with a vengeance."

"Coolin" or "Coulin" is known through Moore's adaptation entitled "Though the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see." It is an exceptionally fine melody and much older than the Irish words extant, translated by Furlong:

"Had you seen my sweet Coolin at the day's early dawn,
When she moves thro' the wild wood, or the wide dewy lawn;
There is joy—there is bliss in her soul-cheering smile,
She's the fairest of flowers of our green-bosom'd isle."

This lyric—there are six stanzas—has been attributed to Maurice O'Dugan, an Irish bard, who lived near Benburb, in the County of Tyrone, about the year 1641. An excellent rendition of the ancient ballad has been made by Carroll Malone, commencing:

"The last time she looked in the face of her dear."

"Coolin" means, the maiden of fair flowing locks, but the original word is retained in the translation, being now, as it were, naturalized in English. There are several versions in vogue. Walker tells us in his "Memoirs" that when Henry VIII. ordered the mere Irish to be

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shorn, a song was written by one of their bards in which an Irish virgin is made to give the preference to her dear Coulin (or the *youth* with the flowing locks) before all strangers (by which the English were meant) or those who wore their habits. But the Act in question was passed as early as A.D. 1295, to which remote period the composition of the air and words is consequently referable. It recites that "the English, being in a manner degenerative, have of late clothed themselves in Irish raiment, and having had their heads half shaved, nourish and prolong the hair from the back of the head, calling it *Culan*, conforming to the Irish as well in face and aspect as in dress, whereby it oftentimes happens that certain English, being mistaken for Irishmen are slain, albeit that the slaying of an Englishman and the slaying of an Irishman are crimes which demand different modes of punishment, by reason whereof great cause of enmity and rancour is generated amongst many persons, and the kinsmen of the slayer as well as the slain do frequently fall at feud." Of the song the air alone was handed down, and until about the year 1641 went wordless. "Cean Dubh Deelish," which may be translated into "Lately maid with the raven locks," is essentially Irish and highly popular

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still. The Scotch give a version of it, but it was known in Ireland long before the appearance of Corri's "Book of Highland Airs," in which it was first printed in Scotland.

Hardiman, Bunting, and other qualified authorities state emphatically that "Summer is a coming in," was taken bodily by Dr. Burney from the ancient Irish melody called "Samhreach" or "Summer is coming." To which Moore wrote "Rich and rare were the gems she wore," which has been handed down for centuries by the various bards. It was Dr. Young, the then bishop of Clonfert who first detected the likeness. "This sweet hymn," according to Hardiman, "was a tribute of grateful melody, offered up by our ancestors to the opening year, and has been sung from time immemorial by them at the approach of spring. To those who have resided among the peasantry of the southern and western parts of Ireland, where the national manners are most unadulterated, this melody is at this day perfectly familiar." Mr. Henry Davey, in his "History of English Music," while acknowledging that the sudden appearance for one moment of the art of composition in the thirteenth century—in the form of this piece, this Rota, "Sumer is icumen in"—is inexplicable, almost unhesi-

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tatingly assigns Latin and English words and music to the inspiration of John of Fornsete, following in the footsteps of other explorers, of course. I make no suggestions.

"Blooming Deirdre," "Mary à Roon," "The Fair Hills of Ireland," "The Expulsion of Shane Bui," "John O'Dwyer of the Glen," and other Irish Jacobite songs teem with interest of a kind more suitable to the antiquarian than the general reader. Pieces of a different cast could be cited by the score, dating back to very remote ages, which are valuable if only on account of their antiquity.

The fanciful, fantastic and faëristic elements have ever furnished Erin's writers with pleasant food for their prolific pens, and ballads on "The Island of Atlantis," "Hy-Brasil—the Isle of the Blest," phantom islands of gold, enchanted islands, holy wells, fairy wells, have been written by Gerald Griffin, Thomas Moore, Clarence Mangan, the Reverend George Croly, Charles Lever, Samuel Lover, Sir Samuel Ferguson, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy and other poets of equal eminence, and are to be found in most collections of Irish songs and ballads. The notion with regard to "Hy-Brasil," by Gerald Griffin, is concerned with several other places—the locality generally being the only difference

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in the legend. O'Flaherty, in his "Sketch of the Island of Arran," says, "The people of Arran fancy that at certain periods they see Hy-Brasil elevated far to the west in their watery horizon. This had been the universal tradition of the ancient Irish, who supposed that a great part of Ireland had been swallowed by the sea, and that the sunken part often rose and was seen hanging in the horizon! The Hy-Brasil of the Irish is evidently a part of the Atlantis of Plato, who in his 'Timæus' says that the island was totally swallowed up by a prodigious earthquake. Of some such shocks the Isles of Arran, the promontories of Antrim and some of the western islands of Scotland bear evident marks." A curious tract relating to this traditon was once in the possession of Denis Florence Mac-Carthy, the author of "Waiting for the May" and other poems. The title was "The Western Wonder, O Brazeel, an Inchaned Island discovered; with a relation of *Two Ship-wracks* in a dreadful *Sea-storm* in that discovery. London, printed for N. C., MDCLXXIV." Lovers of verses about fairies and the "good people" will find an inexhaustible store in Irish literature, ancient and modern. "The Dark Rosaleen," by that extraordinary and erratic genius James Clar-

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ence Mangan, who was born in Dublin, 1803, and died in 1849, is one of the most remarkable ballads ever written, having all the fire and passion that one would expect for a mistress, addressed to a country. Mangan translated it from the Irish, and the note to the work runs: "This impassioned ballad, entitled in the original 'Roisin Dubh' (or 'The Black Little Rose') was written in the reign of the celebrated Tirconnellian chieftain Hugh the Red O'Donnell. It purports to be an allegorical address from Hugh to Ireland on the subject of his love and struggles for her, and his resolve to raise her again to the glorious position she held as a nation before the irruption of the Saxon and Norman despoilers. The true character and meaning of the figurative allusions that abound are not difficult of grasping."

Besides translating the songs and ballads of the Munster and other bards, Mangan wrote a quantity of lyric poetry of surprising excellence. Another translation by Thomas Furlong retains the original title and is very spirited.

The Banshee and the Fetch are myths responsible for a vast number of pieces, generally written in a very minor key. "The Banshee (from ban—bean—a woman, and shee—sidhe—a fairy) is an attendant fairy that follows the

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old families, and none but them, and wails before a death. Many have seen her as she goes wailing and clapping her hands. The keen (*caoine*), the funeral cry of the peasantry, is said to be an imitation of her cry. When more than one banshee is present, and they wail in chorus, it is for the death of some holy or great one. An omen that sometimes accompanies the banshee is the *coach-a-bower* (*cóiste - bodhar*), an immense black coach, mounted by a coffin and drawn by headless horses driven by a *Dullahan*. It will go rumbling to your door and if you open it, according to Croker, a basin of blood will be thrown in your face" says W. B. Yeats. The Fetch is supposed to be the exact form and resemblance, as to hair, stature, features, and dress, of a certain person who is soon to depart from this world. It is also supposed to appear to the particular friend of the doomed one, and to flit before him without any warning or intimation, but merely the mystery of the appearance at a place and time where and when the real being could not be or appear. It is most frequently thought to be seen when the fated object is about to die a sudden death by unforeseen means, and then it is said to be abnormally disturbed and agitated in its motions. Unlike the superstition

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of the Banshee, there is no accounting for the coming of this forerunner of death ; there is no tracing it to any defined origin ; but that it does come, a shadowy phantom of doom and terror, and often comes, is firmly believed by the Irish peasantry, and many curious stories and circumstances are related to confirm the truth of the superstition. While the Theosophists boast of their Spooks, the Irish can point to their Phooka, which is a fairy of very reprehensible habits, who assumes all sorts of shapes and sizes and frightens the good and bad indifferently. "The Keen"—properly Caoine—is the dirge sung over the dead in Ireland ; the word is derived from the Hebrew *Cina*, pronounced *Keen*, which signifies weeping with clapping of hands. They are still performed, and the effect of one of these painfully dramatic dirges chanted in a plaintive minor is indescribably harrowing to the hearer.

So many songs with the same or similar sentiments and titles seem to have appeared in each country—England, Ireland, and Scotland—at about the same time, that it is no easy matter to decide whose claim carries the most weight. Now "Over the hills and far away" has been common property throughout Great Britain as a song and as a saying for

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at least two centuries. It has been traced to the year 1715 as an Irish Jacobite ditty deploring the exile of James, the son of the deposed monarch James II., but it is much older than that. A song thus named was written by John MacDonnell, who was born 1691, and died 1754. He wrote from his youth till his death, and was a profound scholar and antiquarian. He was known by the name of "Claragh" from the residence of his family, which was situated at the foot of the mountain of that name between Charleville and Mallow. He led a most romantic existence, and on account of his Jacobite tendencies had to fight for his life more than once.

A version of this song was sung in the "Beggars' Opera" in 1728 as a duet for Polly and Macheath, and created a great sensation.

There is an old nursery rhyme which runs:

"When I was young and had no sense,
I bought a fiddle for eighteen pence,
But all the tunes that I could play,
Was 'Over the hills and far away.'"

This was perhaps suggested by "Jockey's Lamentation" in "Wit and Mirth, or Pills to Purge Melancholy," 1709, where the words and tune of "Over the hills and far away" are to be found in the fourth volume.

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“Tom he was a piper’s son,
He learned to play when he was young.
But all the tunes that he could play
Was ‘Over the hills and far away,’
Over the hills and a great way off,
And the wind will blow my top-knot off.”

In the fifth volume “Jockey’s Lamentation” opens thus, Jockey being changed to Jackey:

“Jackey met with Jenny fair
Betwixt the dawning and the day,
And Jackey now is full of care,
For Jenny stole my (*sic*) heart away.”

The burden is:

“And ’tis over the hills and far away
The wind has blown my plaid away.”

Allan Ramsay Scotified these words, inevitably, in vol. ii. of “The Tea-Table Miscellany,” 1733, but any one with half an eye, and blind in that, can see that they are not true Scottish. The tune, by the way, is also to be found in the “Dancing Master.” The original words in English seem to have been called “A Popular New Ballad, entitled ‘The Wind hath blown my Plaid away, or, a Discourse betwixt a young Maid and the Elphin Knight,’ to be sung *with its own pleasant new tune.*” A copy of this is in the Pepysian

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Collection and is reprinted in the Appendix to Motherwell's "Minstrelsy." Many songs were written to the air, and, among these, three may be noted. The first, to encourage enlistment in the reign of Queen Anne, commences :

"Hark how the drums beat up again
For all true soldiers, gentlemen ;
Then let us 'list and march away
Over the hills and far away.

"Over the hills and o'er the main,
To Flanders, Portugal, and Spain ;
Queen Anne commands, and we'll obey,
Over the hills and far away."

This is from "The Merry Companion." The second and third are anti-Jacobite songs of 1745, one, "The Duke's Defeat of the Rebels," beginning :

"Come, my boys, let's drink and sing
Success to George, our sovereign King,"

and the other, "A Loyal Song, sung by Mr. Beard at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden," commencing :

"From barren Caledonia's lands,
Where famine, uncontroll'd, commands,
The rebel clans in search of prey
Came over the hills and far away."

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The allusions to the air are also tolerably numerous in books such as "Round about our Coal Fire, or Christmas Evening's Entertainments:"

"Let the strong beer be unlocked,
And let the piper play
'Over the hills and far away.' "

In the "Recruiting Officer," by George Farquhar, the Irish dramatist (1678-1707), produced at Drury Lane, April 8th, 1706, Captain Plume, the principal character, sings:

"Over the hills and far away,
To Flanders, Portugal, and Spain,
The King commands, and we'll obey;
Over the hills and far away."

Again he sings:

"Over the hills and far away,
Courage boys, it's one to ten,
But we return all gentlemen,
While conquering colours we display.
Chorus. Over the hills and far away."

Then the non-commissioned officer, Sergeant Kite, in a later scene has also another verse:

"Our 'prentice, Tom, may now refuse
To wipe his scoundrel master's shoes,
For now he free to sing and play
Over the hills and far away."

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To the above the stage direction is, "The mob sings the chorus."

Farquhar was born in Londonderry, and doubtless there heard the song, which is very ancient, as a child, for the melody seems very old indeed. It was this iteration of the subject in a popular play—"Serjeant Kite" has passed into the language—that familiarized the public ear with "Over the hills and far away," and accounts for the fact of Swift and Gay knowing it so well, and hence its introduction into "The Beggar's Opera." Thackeray gives a verse in the text of "The Virginians." In "Time's Telescope" for the year 1828 a song is given in which occur the words frequently. The date assigned to this production is 1714.

This song must have been written just seven years after Farquhar's death, and though Farquhar was perhaps not the inventor of the phrase, he certainly introduced it into the currency of the language in England.

"Clarach's Lament," by John MacDonnell, supplies the air for the Scottish song, "My gallant braw Highlandman," but "Clarach's Lament" was written to the "White Cockade." "The White Cockade" (Cnotahd Ban) means literally a bouquet, and has nothing to do with the military cockade, as some authorities state,

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but is a bouquet or plume of white ribbons with which the young women of Munster adorn the hair and headdress on wedding and other festive occasions. The custom prevailed early in the seventeenth century, for we find a poet of that period, *Muirio Mac Daibhi Duibh Mac Gearailt*, addressing a young woman in these (translated) words :

“ O brown-haired maiden of the plume so white,
I am sick and dying for love's sweet aid,
Come ease my pain and be my delight,
For I love you true and your white cockade.”

Many songs were written to the striking air. A Jacobite song was translated from the Irish by J. J. Callanan and sung to the old tune in 1745, beginning “ King Charles he is King James's son,” and therein the “ White Cockade ” is turned to military account.

The counterpart of “ The Campbells are Coming ” is to be found (in two versions) in a song by Andrew MacGrath, an intellectual but erratic Munster bard, who was perhaps too fond of gay company and wandering about. The song was entitled “ The Old Man,” and the incident which brought it into existence is as follows : “ In the course of his wanderings the poet chanced to meet with a young woman

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by the roadside who was weeping bitterly, and appeared to be abandoned to inconsolable grief. Upon inquiring the cause of her affliction, he found that she had been induced, at the urgent request of her parish priest, to wed, for the sake of his great wealth and worldly possessions, an old man, the coldness of whose nature presented but an imperfect requital to her youthful warmth of affection. MacGrath, who with all his failings possessed a heart ever sensitively alive to the wrongs of injured youth and innocence, was moved by the narrative of the young girl's wrongs, and produced an extempore song on the occasion. Here is the first stanza :

“ A priest bade me marry for ‘better or worse’

An old wretch who'd nought but his money and years—

Ah, 'twas little he cared, but to fill his own purse,

And I now look for help to the neighbours with tears.”

The popularity of the song was enormous, and travelled *via* the minstrels throughout the length and breadth of the land, and into Scotland, where it was utilized also. But the earliest trace of it in Scotland is, according to Stenhouse, 1715, and the tune was not printed there till about 1760, when it appeared in Bremner's "Scots Reels and Country Dances," and again in Aird's "Selection of Scots Airs," 1782. MacGrath was

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a contemporary of John O'Tuomy, who was born at Croome, 1706, and died August, 1775, in Limerick. O'Tuomy was a man of much learning, and the author of some dozens of songs. Copies of the original melody, to which later words were set, date back to 1620.

"The Girl I left Behind Me" is of indisputable Hibernian origin, though the exact date of its composition is not known; but Arthur O'Neill, the celebrated harper, informed Bunting that it had been taught him when he was little more than a child (he was born 1730) by Owen Keenan, his first master, who had had it from a previous harper. Chappell gives the date of the music, "Eighteenth century, words about 1759," but the air was certainly known to the harpers a century earlier than that. O'Neill died in 1815 at the age of eighty-five. The English version of the words and the Irish differ considerably. I give the first stanza of the latter:

"The dames of France are fond and free,
And Flemish lips are willing,
And soft the maids of Italy,
While Spanish eyes are thrilling.
Still though I bask beneath their smile,
Their charms quite fail to bind me,
And my heart falls back to Erin's Isle,
To the girl I left behind me."

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It is very easy to prove that the words as given by Chappell could not possibly have been written in 1759, for the simple reason that in the second verse the fifth line runs, "But now I'm bound to Brighton camp." Now Brighton was always called by its original name Brighthelmstone until quite 1787, and was not generally known as Brighton till twenty years later. There is a reference to Brighthelmstone camp in 1793, whence the Duke of Clarence writes, according to the newspapers of the day. In J. D. Parry's "Coast of Sussex" there is, after occasional mention of "Brighton" in 1787-1792, a note of October 4th, 1793, "Camp near Brighton," after which the name always appears in the extracts as Brighton, when doubtless the new name became general. "The Girl I left behind Me," according to tradition, became the parting tune of the British army and navy about the middle of the last century. In one of the regiments then quartered in the South of England there was an Irish bandmaster, who had the not uncommon peculiarity of being able to fall in love in ten minutes with any attractive girl he might chance to meet. It never hurt him much, however, for he fell out again as readily as he fell in, and so acquired a new sweetheart in every town the regiment passed through. Whenever



From the painting by W. Macbeth

"THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME"

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the troops were leaving the place where he had a sweetheart, he ordered the band to play "The Girl I left behind Me," which, even then, was an old Irish melody. The story of his accommodating heart soon spread through the army, and other bandmasters, at the request of officers and soldiers, began to use the melody as a parting tune, and by the end of the century it was accounted disrespectful to the ladies for a regiment to march away without playing "The Girl I left behind Me."

Manuscript copies of the song have been found dated 1770, but it was well known among the Irish minstrels long before that, and was popular even as a street song in the Irish capital in the early part of the eighteenth century. But who really wrote either words or music will perhaps never be known. Moore wrote his pretty ballad, "As Slow our Ships," to this melody. The Scottish don't claim it.

"Tá me mo chodladh"—"I am asleep, and don't waken me"—"an ancient and beautiful air," says Bunting, "unwarrantably appropriated by the Scotch, among whom Hector MacNeil has written words to it ("Jeanie's Black E'e"). The Irish words that remain are evidently very old, and consist only of six lines:

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“ ‘ I am asleep, without rocking, through this quarter of the night,

I am asleep, and do not waken me ;

O kindly, dear mother, get up and make light for me,

For I am sick and evil has happened me.’ ”

And so on. An Irish poet is wanted to make the fragment into a song. The melody is also given in Walker's "Irish Bards," 1786.

The Jacobite relic, "The Blackbird," deserves mention not only on account of its Irish character, but because, as far as can be ascertained, it is the first Irish lyric of any kind written in English. It dates from 1715, the year that the "Blackbird" made his Scotch attempt to prove his cause. In Ramsay's "Tea-Table Miscellany" it is given as taken down from an Irishman who had participated in the 1715 revolt. The melody is very ancient, and is given by Bunting in his "Ancient Music of Ireland," who says that the words were written during the war, 1688-90. The Irish name was "An Londubh."

One very eminent essence in all the old Irish songs was the sweetness and tenderness of the airs. Take any of the street and peasant songs, and this will at once be acknowledged. "The Wearing of the Green," "The Pretty Girl Milk-ing the Cows," "Willy Reilly," and "Drimin Dubh," a most pathetic tune, to give only one or

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two examples. The rollicking and the humorous as contrasts abound in profusion. And, as Haydn declares: "It is the air which is the *charm* of music, and it is that which is most difficult to produce; patience and study are sufficient for the composition of agreeable sonnets, but the invention of a fine melody is the work of genius." And yet some of the world's finest melodies are the production of unknown and, in many cases, entirely simple and humble folk devoid of musical training.

Ireland's patron Saint, Patrick, has naturally been the subject of many excellent ballads, including "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning," said to have been written by a gentleman named Wood, who adopted the *nom de plume* of "Lanner de Waltram," a very frolicsome production indeed, largely concerned with the consumption of punch. "St. Patrick of Ireland, my Dear," adapted to the melody of "The night before Larry was Stretched," first appeared in "Blackwood's Magazine," December, 1821. The author's name is not given. "St. Patrick was a Gentleman:" this is a very quaint anonymous production relating all the "miracles" that the Saint is credited with performing, and which many of the illiterate believe in implicitly. A drinking or toasting song to his saintship entitled, "Saint

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Patrick was an honest soul," was very popular at one time. Another song, from a manuscript copy in the autograph of Sir Jonah Barrington, endorsed, "Sung with great applause at a meeting assembled in the City of Paris, to celebrate the anniversary of the Saint of Hibernia." This was probably the 17th March, 1816, says Crofton Croker, in "The Popular Songs of Ireland" (1839). The song is called "St. Patrick's Day in Paris." It possesses more merit in every sense of the word than any of the others. From Samuel Lover's song about the Saint's birthday, I give the two most striking stanzas :

"On the eighth day of March, as some people say,
St. Patrick at midnight first saw the day ;
While others declare 'twas the ninth he was born,
And 'twas all a mistake 'twixt the night and the morn."

As neither side would give in, the parish priest hits upon a happy compromise which is here duly related :

"Now, boys, don't be fighting 'bout eight and 'bout nine,
Don't be always dividing, but sometimes combine ;
Join eight unto nine—seventeen is the mark :
Let that be his birthday—'Amen' says the clerk !"

There is also a modern song by J. F. Waller, LL.D., "St. Patrick's Day in my own parlour."

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“The Shamrock” has also come in for a large share of poetic propagation, and as early as 1689 we find its praises sung in verse :

“Springs, happy springs, adorned with sallets,
Which nature purposed for their palats ;
Shamrogs and watercress he shows
Which was both meat and drink and clothes.”

The shamrock was held in high esteem at one time for the making of salads, “being of a sharp taste” as well as sorrel. The popular belief respecting the shamrock, or trefoil, is, says Croker, that St. Patrick by its means satisfactorily explained to the early converts of Christianity in Ireland the Trinity in Unity; exhibiting the three leaves attached to one stalk as an illustration. St. Patrick is usually represented in the garb of a bishop holding a trefoil. The trefoil plant (shamroc and shamrakh in Arabic) was held sacred in Iran, and was considered emblematical of the Persian Triad. The Loyal Volunteers of Cork used to wear the shamrock as a national decoration, as may be gathered from the “Cork Remembrancer,” March 17th, 1780. “The armed societies of this city paraded on the Mall with shamrock cockades, and fired three volleys in honour of the day.”

The best song on the subject of the trefoil is

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Andrew Cherry's "Green Little Shamrock of Ireland," with music by Shield. It was first sung by Mrs. Mountain, in her entertainment called, "Travellers at Spa," at the little Opera House, Capel Street, Dublin. Andrew Cherry, who wrote a number of songs, including the "Bay of Biscay" and dramatic pieces—the best of these latter being "The Soldier's Daughter," was the son of a Limerick printer and bookseller. He took to the stage, and appeared, after being a member of many stock and travelling companies, at Drury Lane Theatre, in 1802, with "much applause." He died at Monmouth, 1812. Moore wrote "The Shamrock" to the air "Ally Croker," and Samuel Lover wrote "The Four Leafed Shamrock."

The "Irishman's Apple," or "Murphy," the potato, is another plant which has been the means of producing much poetic fruit. Also Whisky, the Shillelah or "Irish Oak," and other national productions. "The Sprig of Shillelah" was written by H. B. Code, though often attributed to Edward Lysaght. It is still a very popular, boisterous song. It was first sung in Code's drama, "The Russian Sacrifice at the Burning of Moscow," 1813, in Dublin. For purely local songs attention may be again directed to "The Groves of Blarney," which

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was so great a favourite that a London paper at the time of its appearance called it the "National Irish Poem." It was written by Richard Alfred Milliken, the author of much verse. Perhaps no song, composed as it was in a spirit of fun in ridicule of an absurd ditty called "Castle Hyde," ever gained such unexpected celebrity before or since. "Blarney Castle" and the "Blarney Stone" have had their share of patronage, and so has the "City of Cork." "The Town of Passage," "The Groves of Blackpool," "The Humours of Donnybrook Fair," "The Boys of Kilkenny," the "Hermit of Killarney," "The Silvery Lee," and "The Rakes of Mallow," are a few of the songs that will be found in Croker's entertaining "Songs of Ireland" which have perhaps more than a local interest.

That Dublin street song, "The Night before Larry was Stretched," has caused much controversy as to the authorship of the words. Alfred Percival Graves says, in songs of "Irish Wit and Humour," that he has indisputable evidence that the piece was from the pen of William Maher, and not from Dean Burrowes. In "Ireland Ninety Years Ago," 1876, there appears the following in support of this contention: "The celebrated song composed on him (Lambert) has acquired a lasting fame, not

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only as a picture of manners, but of phraseology now passed away; and its authorship is a subject of as much controversy as the 'Letters of Junius.' Report has conferred the reputation of it on Burrowes, Curran, Lysaght and others, who have never asserted their claims. We shall mention one more claimant whose pretensions are equal to those of any other. There was at that time a man named Maher in Waterford, who kept a cloth shop at the market cross; he had a distorted ankle, and was known by the sobriquet of 'Hurlfoot Bill.' He was a 'fellow of infinite humour,' and his compositions on various local and temporary subjects were in the mouths of all his acquaintance. There was then a literary society established in Waterford, which received contributions in a letter-box that was periodically opened, and prizes awarded for the compositions. In this was found the first copy of this celebrated song that had been seen in Waterford. Its merit was immediately acknowledged; inquiry was made for its author, and 'Hurlfoot Bill' presented himself and claimed the prize awarded. We give this anecdote, which must go for *tantum quantum valet*; but we have heard from old members of this society that no doubt at the time existed *among them* that he was then the author. His

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known celebrity in that line of composition rendered it probable, and he continued to the end of his short and eccentric career of life to claim the authorship with confidence." The song is to be found in extenso in "Irish Minstrelsy" (1894), edited by H. Halliday Sparling.

The names of the author and composer of that well-known drinking song, the "Cruiskin Lawn" ("Little Jug") are lost to us. It originated probably among the convivial circles of Dublin, though based upon a much older lyric. It is not easy to say whether the tune is Irish or not; it may have come over with the Danes. Boucicault utilized it in the "Colleen Bawn," and so did Sir Julius Benedict in the "Lily of Killarney."

In a note to the words of the "Shan Van Voght," the editor of "Irish Minstrelsy" (1894) says: "This is one of the many names for Ireland—*An t-sean bean bocht*—the poor old woman. The song, of which there are many versions, was composed in 1797, the period when the French fleet arrived in Bantry Bay." It is a ballad of anonymous production. All who are acquainted with the stirring stanzas can easily imagine what an effect the song would have on a restless, dissatisfied people, and it is a wonder that the effects of its continually being chanted

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were not of a disastrous nature. The song was sung in every city, town, and village in the country, and caused a great deal of excitement, which did not abate till long after the French scare was ended and put to rest. Many versions, especially born of the street, have appeared of this typical political song.

"Grana Weal," or more strictly, "Graine Uile," was another fanciful name for Ireland. It stood in the first place for Grace O'Malley, a famous Irish heroine who was devoted to her country with a "heart and a half" sincerity that has gained her much renown. She was an accomplished woman, and won the favour of Queen Elizabeth. She was the daughter of O'Malley of the Oules, a district in Mayo, and was successively the wife of O'Flaherty of Iar-Connaught and of Sir Richard Burk, styled the MacWilliam Eighter, who died in 1585. The air of the song dates from the same period, though the Jacobite words of a later age are customarily sung to it now.

Of ancient patriotic airs breathing that wonderful fire and fearlessness that has ever animated the Irish when war has been rife, and which has helped Great Britain to win and hold some of her finest possessions, and to thrash the mutual enemy in modern times, there are

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many that will last as long as music has existence. In this category may be cited "The Battle of Argan Mor," a very old melody set to words of Ossianic tradition. The weird exultation in this air is entirely characteristic of the daring instincts of the primitive Irish. Then there are "The Return from Fingal," "Awake, Awake, Fianna," "The Sword," and others too numerous to detail, all charged with wild enthusiasm and impetuosity.

But let us speak of some songs that are more universally known, though in calling attention to the forgotten, mayhap it will tend to make them remembered. "The Twisting of the Rope." Tradition thus speaks of its origin: A Connaught harper having once put up at the residence of a rich farmer, began to pay such attention to the daughter of the house as greatly to displease the mother, who instantly conceived a plan for the summary ejection of the minstrel. She provided some hay, and requested the harper to twist the rope which she set about making. As the work progressed and the rope lengthened, the harper, of course, retired backward till he went beyond the door of the dwelling, when the crafty matron suddenly shut the door in his face and then threw his harp out of the window. The "Song of the

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Irish Emigrant" or "The Woods of Caillino," Samuel Lover informs us, was written by a lady who desired only to be known by the initials L. N. F., to an old Irish air "Cailin Og" or "Colleen oge as tore"—corrupted into Callinoe—but meaning simply, young girl, or fair young girl. The air was brought to London from Ireland by the soldiers of Queen Elizabeth, who served with Essex, and became popular in the metropolis in the time of Shakespeare, who quotes, or rather misquotes, the words in *Henry V.*, act 4, scene 4. The origin of the first title of this song, "The Woods of Caillino," has puzzled commentators for ages, the supposition being that it is derived from the burden of an old song sung by Pistol "Calen O custure me," while the reverse is the case, but this is a philological question and does not concern us here. L. N. F. was Mrs. Ellen Fitz-Simon, eldest daughter of Daniel O'Connell, born in Dublin, 1805, died in London, 1883. She wrote various poems for different Irish journals. Tom Moore's "Canadian Boat Song" which is quite as Irish in sentiment as any of his so-called "Melodies"—the fact being that they are just ordinary well-conceived English lyrics made to fit the old Hibernian tunes, taken bodily in many instances from Bunting's first collection of rescued

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music. The "Boat Song" may well find a corner here on account of its origin, which Moore himself relates. "I wrote these words to an air which our boatmen sang to us frequently. The wind was so unfavourable that they were obliged to row all the way, and we were five days in descending the river from Kingston to Montreal, exposed to an intense sun during the day, and at night forced to take shelter from the dews in any miserable hut upon the banks that would receive us. But the magnificent scenery of the St. Lawrence repays all these difficulties. Our *voyageurs* had good voices and sang perfectly in tune together. The original words of the air to which I adapted these stanzas appeared to be a long, incoherent story, of which I could understand but little from the barbarous pronunciation of the French-Canadian. It begins :

" Dans mon chemin j'ai rencontré
Deux cavaliers très bien montés ;"

And the refrain to every verse was :

" A l'ombre d'un bois je m'en vais jouer,
A l'ombre d'un bois je m'en vais danser."

I ventured to harmonize this air, and have published it. Without that charm which associa-

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tion gives to every little memorial of scenes or feelings that are past, the melody may perhaps be thought common or trifling; but I remember when we have entered at sunset upon one of those beautiful lakes my feelings of pleasure which the finest compositions of the first masters have never given me, and there is not a note of it which does not recall to my memory the dip of our oars in the St. Lawrence, the flight of our boat down the Rapids, and all those new and fanciful impressions to which my heart was alive during the whole of this interesting voyage." At the Rapid of St. Ann they were obliged to take out part if not the whole of the lading. St. Ann's is the last church on the island, which accounts for the line :

"We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn."

Moore wrote "Believe me if all those endearing young charms" to "As fada armso me"—"Long am I here." "The gentle maiden," which in England is familiar under the title of "My lodging is on the cold ground," was sung by Mary Davis before King Charles II. in Sir W. Davenant's play "The Rivals," 1668. Bunting asserts it to be pure Irish, as proved by the characteristic national tone of the sub-

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mediant in the fourth bar, continued at intervals through the melody. However, as opinions are so divided on this subject, and many authorities say it is English, most likely it belongs to England.

"The Meeting of the Waters" is based on the air "The old head of Dennis." The meeting of the waters forms a part of that beautiful scenery which lies between Rathdrum and Arklow, in the County of Wicklow, and these lines were suggested by a visit to this romantic spot paid by the bard in the year 1807. "Rich and rare were the gems she wore" (to the air of 'Summer is coming,' previously referred to in these pages) was founded on the following anecdote told in Warner's "History of Ireland." 'The people were inspired with such a spirit of honour, virtue and religion, by the great example of Brien, and by his excellent administration, that, as a proof of it, we are informed that a young lady of great beauty, adorned with jewels and costly dress, undertook a journey alone from one end of the kingdom to the other, with a wand only in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceeding great value; and such an impression had the laws and government of this monarch made on the minds of all the people, that no attempt was made upon her

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honour, nor was she robbed of her clothes or jewels." In reference to "Oh, Blame not the Bard" (air, "Kitty Tyrrel"), Moore says, "We may suppose this apology to have been uttered by one of those wandering bards whom Spenser so severely, and perhaps truly, describes in his 'State of Ireland,' and whose poems, he tells us, 'were sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their natural device which gave good grace and comeliness unto them.'" But, generally speaking, was not Spenser not only unjust but basely ungrateful to the people he lived amongst so long? This tribute from him is rather exceptional.

Moore wrote "She is Far from the Land" to a very curious old tune, to commemorate the feelings of Sarah Curran, daughter of the celebrated Irish barrister of that name, and of her lover Robert Emmet. It is of them that Washington Irving said in his "Sketch Book:" "Every one must recollect the tragical story of young Emmet, the Irish patriot; it was too touching to be soon forgotten. During the troubles in Ireland he was tried, condemned, and executed on a charge of high treason. His fate made a deep impression on public sympathy. He was so young, so intelligent, so generous, so brave, so everything that we are apt to like in a

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young man. His conduct under trial, too, was lofty and intrepid. The noble indignation with which he repelled the charge of high treason against his country—the eloquent vindication of his name—and his pathetic appeal to posterity in the hopeless hour of condemnation—all these entered deeply into every generous bosom, and even his enemies lamented the stern policy that dictated his execution. But there was one heart whose anguish it would be impossible to describe. In happier days and fairer fortunes, he had won the affections of a beautiful and interesting girl, the daughter of a late celebrated barrister. She loved him with the disinterested fervour of a woman's first and early love. When every worldly maxim arrayed itself against him; when, blasted in fortune, and disgrace and danger darkened around his name, she loved him the more ardently for his very sufferings. If, then, his fate could awaken the sympathy even of his foes, what must have been the agony of her whose soul was occupied by his image! Let those tell who have had the portals of the tomb suddenly closed between them and the being they most loved on earth—who have sat at its threshold, as one shut out in a cold and lonely world whence all that was most lovely and loving had departed."

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Washington Irving's story of "The Broken Heart" is believed to be based in a degree upon this incident.

Many legends are extant concerning St. Kevin, who ensconced himself in St. Kevin's Bed, a small cave in an overhanging cliff above the lake of Glendalough, in county Wicklow, a wild and desolate place encompassed by huge barren mountains. St. Kevin is supposed to have founded a city and built seven churches in Glendalough in the sixth century, a portion of one of the buildings remaining to this day, and known as the kitchen or cell of St. Kevin. But to our legend. The saint, it is said, was madly loved by a fair maid of the name of Kathleen; but as her affection was not reciprocated by him, he fled to this wild retreat, believing the spot to be inaccessible to her. On waking from his slumbers one morning he was horrified to find Kathleen standing by his side, and in a fit of fury hurled her from the beetling rock into the depths below. Moore's "By that Lake whose Gloomy Shore" tells this story in verse, so does Gerald Griffin's "The Fate of Cathleen," while R. D. Williams, indignant with those who could trifle with the name of a saint, takes his own view of the matter in "St. Kevin and Kathleen," having consulted

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many authorities as to the authenticity of the legend!

Not long ago (1894) Dr. C. Villiers Stanford traced back the originals of all "Moore's Melodies," and embodied them in a very useful volume called "The Irish Melodies of Thomas Moore," with the sub-title of "The Original Airs restored and arranged for the Voice." In his preface Dr. Stanford says: "Some few of the 'melodies' I have omitted, because they are not Irish at all. These are 'Eveleen's Bower,' 'Believe me if all those endearing young charms,' and 'Oh the Shamrock.'" And in speaking of the music he says: "As will be seen in my notes I have appended to the airs in the appendix, there is scarcely a melody which Moore left unaltered, and, as a necessary consequence, unspoilt. Whether he or his arranger was responsible for these corruptions is a matter which is lost to history; but as the name of the poet had the greater prominence in the original publication, I have laid to his door any blame which I am compelled to allot. . . . Some airs are, owing to long usage in the form in which they were first dressed, almost hopelessly spoilt. . . . Moore has assisted this transmogrification by supplying words often beautiful in themselves, but quite out of keeping with

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the style of the airs, such as sentimental poems for jig tunes, dirges for agricultural airs, battle-hymns for reels." A fair history of each tune is given.

Of the "Groves of Blarney" I have already given a full account with the "Last Rose of Summer," but speaking again of the Blarney stone and Blarney Castle, which have proved fertile themes for bards of all degrees, Samuel Lover says: "I have seen a queer song lamenting its (Blarney Castle's) destruction by Oliver Cromwell, on whom the national poets always pour out their vials of wrath, and, indeed, no wonder, notwithstanding all that Lord Macaulay says in praise of his rule in Ireland." Lover himself wrote a lyric to the "Blarney Stone" commencing,

"Oh did you ne'er hear of the Blarney
That's found near the banks of Killarney,"

an avowed parody of Lady Morgan's celebrated effusion of "Kate Kearney." S. C. Hall also wrote a song called "The Blarney," for Tyrone Power to sing in Mrs. S. C. Hall's drama called "The Groves of Blarney."

"Terence's Farewell," written by Lady Dufferin, deserves especial mention on account of the merit of the lyric, and for the lovely melody

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to which it is usually sung—"The Pretty Girl milking the Cows," known also as "The song of Prince Breffin." It is given by Walker in his "Irish Bards," and by Bunting. It is a divinely plaintive melody. Dion Boucicault introduced it into "The Colleen Bawn," and Sir Julius Benedict also used it in "The Lily of Killarney." The melody is very ancient indeed. The first known words to it were written by the witty Andrew MacGrath, who was born about 1700.

"Lord Mayo" is another ancient song, written by an humble dependent of Lord Mayo named David Murphy, who having got into disgrace hid himself in his master's hall on a certain Christmas eve after nightfall; and in the hope of winning back forgiveness made a twin outpouring of music and verse. Bunting calls it "one of the finest productions that ever did honour to any country." Walker tells the story at length. The original Irish name of the air is "Tiagharna Mhaighe-eo." It was specially chosen and sung at the "Feis Ceoil," or National Festival of Irish music, Dublin, in the middle of May, 1897.

That jovial song "The Monks of the Screw," which appears in Charles Lever's novel of "Jack Hinton," was written by the Right Honourable John Philpot Curran, full particulars of which—

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the song itself has no history—are given in “The Life of Curren,” by his son W. H. Curran. That very popular song “Rory O’More,” written and composed by Samuel Lover, was the outcome of a desire on the part of the author to supply a really good humorous song at a time when such effusions were not of high merit. He tells the story himself. “From an early period I had felt that Irish comic songs (so called) were but too generally coarse and vulgar—devoid of that mixture of fun and feeling so strongly blended in the Irish character—that a pig and a poker, expletive oaths, ‘hurroos’ and ‘whack fol de rols’ made the staple of most Irish comic songs; and having expressed this opinion in a company where the subject was discussed, I was met with that taunting question which sometimes supplies the place of argument, viz.: ‘Could *you* do better?’ I said I would try; and ‘Rory O’More’ was the answer. Its popularity was immediate and extensive; so much so that on the day of her Majesty Queen Victoria’s coronation every band along the line of procession to Westminster Abbey played ‘Rory O’More’ during some part of the day, and, finally, it was the air the band of the Life Guards played as they escorted her Majesty into the park on her return to Buckingham Palace. Being

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called upon to write a novel, I availed myself of the popularity attaching to the name, and entitled my story 'Rory O'More.' The success of the novel induced the management of the Adelphi Theatre to apply to me to dramatize the story, and in this its third form, 'Rory O'More' was again received by the public with such approbation that it was played over one hundred and eight nights in the first season in London, and afterwards universally throughout the kingdom."

"Garryowen," next to "St. Patrick's Day," was the greatest favourite as a national air in Ireland. It is a curious production, the melody of which is preserved in Moore's "We may roam through the world." There is also that wonderful street song, "The Wearing of the Green" that almost caused "a question for parliament," when the Earl of Beaconsfield was premier (then the Right Honourable Benjamin D'Israeli), when introduced by Dion Boucicault into "Arrah-na-Pogue," and sung by Shaun the Post at the Adelphi Theatre in the late seventies. There are countless versions of the lay (a good one being by Henry Grattan Curran), but the most popular is that by Dion Boucicault. The earliest version extant shows that it was written when France, and not America, was the des-

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perate hope of the distressed and disappointed peasant. "Johnny I hardly knew ye" is another street song. It dates from the beginning of the present century, while "Green upon the Cape" appeared during the stirring times of 1798. "The Lamentation of Hugh Reynolds" (a genuine street production), about a real personage guilty of abduction, and "Willy Reilly," also a production of the public muse. But the list is very long of these and kindred productions. There are many songs to and about the great Geraldines (the Fitz-Geralds) that are of considerable interest, but space bids me pause and so I stay my pen.

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CHAPTER VI

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN"

WILL it ever be definitely known who wrote and composed our national anthem—an anthem that is familiar all the whole wide world over? During the Chicago Exhibition a body of World's Fair representatives of twenty-seven different nationalities, speaking when at home fifteen different languages, crossed the Canadian frontier at Gretna in Manitoba on August 29th, 1893, for the purpose of heartily cheering Queen Victoria and singing "God Save the Queen." Yet particulars concerning the origin of the melody are so conflicting that we doubt if it will ever be absolutely proved whence it sprang.

The vast majority of those who have gone into the subject incline to favour the claim put forward for Henry Carey, the writer and original composer of the immortal "Sally in Our Alley," whose son, as soon as he was old enough, stoutly maintained that he (Henry Carey) and he alone

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was responsible for its conception and production. It is believed to have been written any time between 1736 and 1740, and was generally accepted as an expression of public loyalty in 1745. Carey died, by the way, in 1743. But it is reported to have been heard first in public at a dinner in 1740 to celebrate the taking of Portobello by Admiral Vernon (November 30th, 1739), when Carey himself sang it as his own composition. Mr. William H. Cummings says the nearest known copy to that date is that given in the "Harmonia Anglicana" of 1743, to which Carey was one of the chief contributors of signed and unsigned matter. It is marked for two voices. The version of the melody which Chappell and Sir George Grove give is slightly different from one that I came across in an odd volume which I picked up by accident. It is a very quaint collection of songs, madrigals, glees, catches, and so forth, for "two, three, and four voices." Unfortunately there is no title-page, no printer, and no publisher mentioned, but from internal evidence I should think the first edition of the book was published between 1763 and 1770. My own edition is evidently a reprint from old plates, and bears the watermark on the paper of 1816. The first piece in the book is "God Save Great George our

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King," a song for two voices, and though in the same volume appears "The Free Election, A Catch. A. 3 Voc. Set by Mr. Henry Carey," Carey's name does not figure to "God Save Great George," nor to another very similar "Loyal Song for Two Voices," built upon the lines of the national anthem, with words in the same metre but of a quality infinitely superior. Here is the first verse of the catch, loyal enough in all conscience :

"Curs'd be the Wretch that's bought and sold,
And barter Liberty for Gold :
For when Election is not free
In vain we boast of Liberty !
And he who sells his single right,
Would sell his Country, if he might."

As I do not find this variant of the anthem quoted in the argument, I give the verses :

"Fame, let thy Trumpet sound
Tell all the World around,
Great George is King !
Tell Rome and France and Spain
Britannia scorns their Chain,
Britannia scorns their Chain,
Great George is King !

"May heav'n his Life defend,
And make his Race extend
Wide as his Fame :

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The choicest Blessings shed
On his annointed Head,
And teach his Foes to dread
Great George's name.

“ He Peace and Plenty brings,
While Rome-deluded kings
Waste and destroy.
Then let his people sing
Long live our Gracious King,
From whom all Blessings spring—
Freedom and Joy.

“ God save our noble King,
Long live our gracious King,
God save the King ;
Mark how the Vallies ring,
Long live our Gracious King,
From whom all Blessings spring,
God save the King !”

There is a most unmistakable Carey ring about these lines, and that Henry Carey was the author of both words and music of the original was testified by J. Christopher Smith, Handel's amanuensis, and very full evidence to this effect is set out in “ Popular Music of the Olden Time.” And here it may be added that Lieutenant-Colonel de Rochas, a distinguished French officer who has devoted much attention to the investigation is of the same opinion, and published his belief with reasons and deductions

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in 1892, thus disposing of Lully (see p. 54). Before this, moreover, Friedrich Chrysander published in 1862 very strong evidence that Carey was the composer, in his "Jahrbücher für Musikalische Wissenschaft."

According to Sir George Grove, it became known publicly in 1745 by being sung at the theatres as a loyal song or anthem during the Scottish rebellion. The Pretender was proclaimed at Edinburgh, September 16th, in that year, and the first appearance of "God Save the King" was at Drury Lane, September 28th. For a month or so it was much sung at both Covent Garden and Drury Lane; Burney harmonized it for the former, and Arne for the latter. Both words and music were printed in their present form in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1745. How far "God Save the King" was compiled from older airs will perhaps never be ascertained, as several exist with a certain resemblance to the modern tune. Among these may be mentioned a piece called "An Ayre," in a MS. book (1619) attributed to Dr. Jan Bull. Also in the same book there is a piece entitled "God Save the King," though bearing no likeness to the national anthem, but of this more presently. The Scotch claim it, of course, as being founded on a carol (1611),

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"Remember, O thou Man," and a ballad, "Franklin is fled away," first printed in 1669. And it is also said to be traced in a piece by Henry Purcell, 1696. As for the phrase "God Save the King," it occurs in the English Bible (Coverdale, 1535), and is quoted by Mr. Froude as being the watchword of the navy in 1545, with the countersign, "Long to reign over us." In a ballad of 1606 there is for refrain, "God Save King James," and another ballad of 1645 opens:

"God save King Charles the king,
Our Royal Roy;
Grant him long to reign,
In peace and joy."

Says Sir George Groves in the "Dictionary of Music," "Both words and tune have been considerably antedated. They have been called 'The very words and music of an old anthem that was sung at St. James's Chapel for King James the Second' (Victor's letter, October, 1745). Dr. Arne is reported to have said that it was a received opinion that it was written for the Catholic Chapel of James II. This is the date given it by Burney in Ree's 'Cyclopædia,' and Dr. Benjamin Cooke had heard it sung to the words 'Great James Our King.' But Dr. Cooke was not born till 1734, and his 'James'

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must have been the Pretender (James III.). And as to the Catholic Chapel of James II., said to have been sung there, it must surely have been in Latin, of which certainly no traces are found."

Since the above was written, Canon Harford, of Westminster Abbey, who has given much study to this matter, has arrived at the conclusion that the words were fitted to the music some considerable time after the latter (the music) was written. According to Canon Harford the music was originally sung in the Chapel of James II. to Latin words, beginning, "O Deus Optime," but up to the present there is not sufficient proof of this being the case.

A writer in the "Daily Telegraph" in 1887 dismissed Carey's claim with scant mercy; but as he based his opinion upon the MS. book said to be by Dr. John, or Jan, Bull, it does not carry much weight. Perhaps the name had much to do with the sentiment. He also sent Scotland and France with Lully and others to the right about.

Let us now examine into the claim put forward by Mr. Richard Clark in 1822 for Dr. John Bull. Mr. Clark (1780-1856), of the Chapel Royal, Savoy, accidentally discovered a MS. collection of virginal music by Dr. John Bull, transcribed about the year 1822, and one

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piece, a Galliard, bore a certain resemblance to the national anthem. Unfortunately, instead of submitting the "ayre" to some experts as he first found it, Mr. Clark tampered with the melody, and I give the story of the detection of the trick by W. Chappell told by himself. "When Clark played the 'ayre' to me with the book before him, I thought it to be the original of the national anthem; but afterwards, taking the manuscript into my own hands, I was convinced that it had been tampered with, and the resemblance strengthened, the sharps being in ink of a much darker colour than the other parts. The additions are very perceptible, in spite of Clark's having covered the face of that portion with varnish. In its original state the opening of the 'ayre' does not quite strike one as resembling "God Save the King," but by making the natural G sharp, and changing the whole from an old scale without sharps or flats into the modern scale of A major (three sharps) the tune becomes *essentially like* 'God Save the King.' When I reflected further, however, upon the matter, it appeared very improbable that Dr. Bull should have composed a piece for the organ in the modern key of A major. The most curious resemblance between Dr. Bull's 'ayre' and 'God Save the King,' is that the

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first phrase consists of six bars and the second of eight, which similarity does not exist in any other airs from which it is supposed to have been taken. It is true that the eight bars of the second phrase are made out by holding on the final note of the melody through two bars, *therefore it differs decidedly from all copies of our more modern tune* ; but the words may be sung to Dr. Bull's 'ayre' by dividing the time of the long notes—in fact it has been so performed in public." But this only more conclusively proves that the tune of "God Save the Queen," as now sung, was not composed by Dr. Bull. The fact is that Richard Clark, who had already written a booklet in 1814 to prove beyond refutation that Henry Carey, and Henry Carey alone, was responsible for both words and music of the national anthem, was a seeker after literary fame, and coming by chance upon the MS. book of Dr. Bull, in which he noted a composition at folio 56 called "God Save the King," he bought it thinking he had really found the origin of the disputed anthem. But this particular "ayre" entitled "God Save the King," and which is the one that was sung at a banquet given by the Merchant Taylors' Company in their hall to King James I. in 1607, so often referred to as being the real original, proved to

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be totally unlike it. But by a most extraordinary coincidence at folio 98 he lighted upon the Galliard already discussed, which bore a slight likeness to the melody. Clark, however, not content with this discovery, must needs be putting in some sharps to make the resemblance more striking and perhaps convincing. He also tried to make out that the "ayre" at folio 96 was a second part or continuation of the one called "God Save the King" at folio 56. Clark's misdirected efforts were soon detected, and Dr. Bull's mutilated melody ceased to be seriously taken into account as providing even the basis of "God Save the King" except by one or two credulous writers. The matter was hotly discussed in "The Times" so far back as February, 1827, when the partisans of Clark's claim for Dr. Bull brought much influence to bear in his favour. Dr. Pepusch, who pretended to have a great liking for Dr. Bull's music, collected over two hundred of his compositions, but Dr. Burney says that Dr. Pepusch's fancy for Bull's works rather proved that the doctor's taste was bad than that Bull's compositions were good. And he adds, "they may be heard by a lover of music with as little emotion as the clapper of a mill or the rumbling of a post chaise." There is no likelihood of Carey's

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having seen Dr. Bull's music at any time, as it was only preserved in Dr. Pepusch's private collection, and certainly was not printed during Carey's lifetime. Carey died before his melody was taken up by the public, and consequently he never had an opportunity of asserting his claim to its inspiration.

Dr. Bull, by the way, was one of the organists of the Chapel Royal in the reign of James I., and died in the ancient city of Antwerp (circa 1619) more than two centuries and a half ago. Carey's version of the music, so says the "Telegraph" scribe, was pirated at the Hague in 1766, with other songs, in a collection of lyrics entitled the "Masonic Lyre," and was subsequently adopted by the Danes as their national anthem, words being set to the air, which were Germanized later into "Heil Dir im Siegeskranz." In this form it was published in Berlin towards the close of the year 1793, as a *volksleid*, or popular song, shortly afterwards it became the Prussian national air, and was taken over in the same capacity by the German empire in 1871. Consequently it will be seen that it has been familiar to Continental, as well as British ears, as the recognized profession of loyalty to the Crown for over one hundred and thirty years.

Another account of this part of the anthem's

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history is somewhat as follows. The fact that our English national anthem invariably accompanied the German Emperor on his state appearances in this country seems to have perplexed a good many people, who doubtless think that "Die Wacht am Rhine" would be more appropriate. The truth is, however, that the melody of "God Save the Queen," under its German title, has for little more than a century been the state anthem of Prussia. It was early in 1790 that the Holstein clergyman, Heinrich Harries, wrote in honour of Christian VII. of Denmark a national hymn in eight stanzas "to the melody of the English 'God Save Great George the King.'" Three years later Frederick William II. adopted an abbreviated version of it for the Prussian Court, the words being written by Schumacher. This is still the state anthem, while Wilhelm's "Wacht am Rhein," composed in 1854, and first brought prominently into notice during the Franco-German War, ranks as a patriotic song with our "Rule Britannia." Besides being the state anthem of Denmark and Prussia, "God Save the King" was also the state melody of Russia, until the Czar Nicholas, desiring that the Russians should have a national hymn of their own, commissioned Lwoff in 1833 to com-

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pose "God Preserve the Czar," one of the most impressive of all national anthems. In the United States, also, the tune of "God Save the Queen" is preserved in a quasi-national song or hymn entitled "America."

It is very curious that up to the present nothing has been satisfactorily settled as to who the real individual was who has secured for his anonymity so much fame from posterity. "Up to the time of Charles I.," says Dr. Charles Mackay, "the national anthem—or loyal hymn—sung in honour of the king either in his presence or at convivial meetings of his subjects, was 'Vive le Roy,' an English song with a Norman burden. After the revolution that made Cromwell Protector, the cavaliers, utterly discarding the old song, made themselves a new one, 'When the King shall enjoy his own again,' which with its by no means contemptible poetry, and its exceedingly fine music, kept up the hearts of the party in their adversity, and did more for the royal cause than an army."

After that, the loyal song during the reigns of Charles II. and James II. was the quaint ditty beginning:

"Here's a health unto his Majesty,
With a fal, lal, lal, lal, la !
Confusion to his enemies,
With a fal, lal, lal, lal, la !

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And he that will not drink his health,
I wish him neither wit nor wealth,
Nor yet a rope to hang himself,
With a fal, la!, la!, la!, la!"

The statement in "Raikes's Journal" that the national anthem was translated literally from the "cantique" which was sung by the demoiselles de St. Cyr when Louis XIV. entered the chapel of the establishment to hear morning prayer is curious, but not convincing, though the similarity in the words is close (see p. 54). One of the most extraordinary additional verses lives in the special stanza which is believed to have been sung at Calais at the banquet given in honour of the Duke of Clarence, when, as Lord High Admiral of England, he took Louis XVIII. across the Channel. I quote from "Music in the Olden Time."

"God save noble Clarence,
Who brings her king to France,
God save Clarence!
He maintains the glory
Of the British navy,
O make him happy,
God save Clarence!"

Rather hard to sing I should imagine.

In all probability Henry Carey, who was capable of writing very bad verses at times,

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was the real author of the sad doggerel of our national anthem of which most people know at least one verse. The second verse is particularly insular and British in confidence—that curious imperturbable belief in our own power that has so often “confounded” our enemies. For the benefit of the several who may not have seen the words in print before, I give the “poem” in its entirety as first written—the many other verses having been added from time to time.

“God save our Lord the king !
Long live our noble king !
God save the king !
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the king !

“O Lord, our God, arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall ;
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On him our hearts we fix,
God save us all !

“Thy choicest gifts in store,
On him be pleased to pour,
Long may he reign ;
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the king !”

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Dr. Boyce, by the way, wrote an eccentric "Catch" called "Long Live King George," and Carey, in one of his election lays, finishes up with :

"Then shall we see a glorious scene,
And so God save Great George our King !"

Before finally endeavouring to prove Carey's claim, there are one or two other points worth considering.

Mr. Henry Davey, according to his "History of English Music," seems fully persuaded that "God Save the King" was composed by Purcell, because Mr. W. H. Cummings discovered the Latin chorus, already referred to, as having been sung at a concert given by John Travers in 1743-44! and that in consequence of this the "National Anthem was really composed for James II. about 1688." But Mr. Cummings soon disproved this assertion. Mr. Davey adds in his useful volume: "The Rev. Mr. Henslowe published a pamphlet in 1849 asserting that Dr. Arne's wife had received a pension as the eldest descendant of the composer of the national anthem—Anthony Young, organist of All Hallow's, Barking—and that Mrs. Arne had left a legacy to Mrs. Henslowe. There

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is no other evidence for this claim (unless the inferiority of the first-published version be taken as such) and the probability is that 'God Save the King,' is the composition of Henry Purcell, and the words were perhaps translated into English by Henry Carey." Here are the words in Latin :

" O Deus Optime ;
Salvum nunc facito
Regem nostrum ;
Sit laeta victoria
Comes et gloria
Salvum jam facito
Tu Dominum.

" Exurgat Dominus
Rebelles dissipet
Et reprimat ;
Dolos confundito
Fraudes' depellito
In Te sit sita spes
O Salva nos."

But these words are not found to exist prior to the English song which was published in the eighteenth century, as previously stated, and no record exists as to the music the poem was really sung to. In one work as "God Save our Lord the King," "A Loyal Song for two voices set by Mr. Crome," the song with four verses was published and then republished in the four editions

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of "Theasurus Musicus." The unique copy of the original Latin words, by the way, is in the possession of Mr. W. H. Cummings. Mr. Davey's suggestion that Carey translated the song from the Latin would not in any case hold water. Carey was largely a self-educated man, and had "little Latin and less Greek." He was not sufficiently equipped for such an effort, judging from all that we know of him. Carey was fond of composing loyal songs and was a staunch loyalist, although his enemies have accused him of being a Jacobite, and as he was the first person who was known to sing it in public, and was quite capable of producing such a melody, there seems every reason to assign to him the honour. From "Their Majesties' Servants," by Dr. Doran, I extract this significant paragraph: "It may be stated here that on Saturday the 28th September, 1745, a new air and song by Henry Carey was first brought on the stage. It was already popular off the stage. 'On Saturday night last,' says the 'Daily Advertiser,' 'the audience of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane' were agreeably surprised by the gentlemen belonging to the house performing the anthem of *God Save Our Noble King*. The universal applause it met with, being encored with repeated huzzas, sufficiently denoted in how just

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abhorrence they hold the arbitrary schemes of our insidious enemies," etc.

After all, therefore, and notwithstanding all the attempts to rob him of his laurels, I think the evidence in favour of Carey is too substantial to be brushed on one side.

Poor Carey died on October 4th, 1743, having hanged himself in a fit of depression at his lodgings in Warner Street, Coldbath Fields. According to a writer in the "*Biographia Dramatica*," 1782, Carey led a life absolutely without blame or shame. He states: "As the qualities that Carey was endowed with were such as rendered him an entertaining companion, it is no wonder he should be, as he frequently was, in streights. He therefore in his difficulties had recourse to his friends, whose bounty he experienced in subscriptions for the Works which he from time to time published. He was, however, still unhappy, though the cause of it is not certainly known. It has been suggested by some to have been occasioned by the malevolence of those of his own profession, by others to domestic uneasiness, and some ascribe it chiefly to his embarrassed circumstances. To whatever it was owing his catastrophe was shocking. In a fit of despair he laid violent hands upon himself, and by means of a halter

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put a period to a life which had been led without reproach." As a musician, if not brilliant, he was clever in a minor way, and at least he had the gift of melody, and, says Sir John Hawkins, "in all the Songs and Poems written by him on Wine, Love, and such kind of subjects, he seems to have manifested an inviolable regard for decency and good manners." As already stated, his son, G. S. Carey, who was born just after his father's death, in Warner Street, always declared that his father wrote and composed "God Save the King," as asserted by an old and valued friend of Carey's; and also by Mr. Townsend, who heard Carey sing it in 1740, and who told him he was the author and composer of the anthem. This fact had probably been called in question through the very great prejudice which then existed against all suicides, who were even denied Christian burial. Perhaps this was why the posthumous George Savile Carey, who died in 1807, who was engaged as actor, author, entertainer, and general literary factotum at Covent Garden Theatre, when he grew to man's estate and abandoned his trade of printer, and produced several plays, including "Shakespeare's Jubilee," 1769,—perhaps this was why Carey, the son, wrote to Dr. Harington, of Bath, on the subject. Anyhow his letter

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elicited this reply. It is dated June 13th, 1795.

“Dear Sir,—The anecdote you mention, respecting your father’s being the author and composer of ‘God Save the King,’ is certainly true. That most respectable gentleman, my worthy friend and patient, Mr. Smith, has often told me what follows, viz., ‘That your father came to him with the words and music, desiring him to correct the bass which was not proper; and at your father’s request Mr. Smith wrote another bass in harmony.’ Mr. Smith (John Christopher Smith, Handel’s amanuensis), to whom I read your letter this day, repeated the same account, and on this authority I pledge myself for the truth of the statement.

“H. HARINGTON.”

That, anyhow, seems tolerably conclusive, and until somebody can come forward and prove, not only that Carey was not the composer, but somebody whose name shall be given was, the author of “Sally in our Alley” must carry all the credit.

Henry Carey, who was a versatile and genial genius, wrote among other things some ten plays, including “Amelia,” “The Contrivances,” “The

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Dragon of Wantley," and that curious and witty burlesque "Chrononhotonthologos." His works for the stage were generally successful, and he had the honour of receiving approbation from both Addison and Pope. If his humour, largely exhibited in his satire on Ambrose Phillips, called "Namby-Pamby," was not of a high order, it was never vulgar or offensive.

Many writers have tried their hand at revising the words of our national anthem, but not with much success. The late poet-laureate, Lord Tennyson, scarcely added to his reputation by his essay; nor do I think in the new setting by Sir Frederick Bridge, that the Dean of Rochester's alteration of the second verse is altogether an improvement :

" O Lord our God arise
Scatter her enemies,
Make wars to cease ;
Keep us from plague and dearth,
Turn thou our woes to mirth,
And over all the earth
Let there be peace."

The very best addition was written by Longfellow, and sung for the first time in public by Miss Clara Butt at the opening of Her Majesty's Theatre, April 25th, 1897 :

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“ Lord, let war’s tempests cease,
Fold the whole world in peace
Under Thy Wings.
Make all the nations one,
All hearts beneath the sun,
Till Thou shalt reign alone,
Great King of Kings.”

This seems to have a singularly appropriate application to the present period. The Prince of Wales was present with the Duke of Teck on the memorable occasion of the first public inauguration of Mr. Herbert Beerbohm Tree’s handsome new theatre in the Haymarket; and after Mrs. Tree had recited the opening address, written by Mr. Alfred Austin, the poet-laureate, prefixed by the happy line from “Measure for Measure,”

“ Very well met, and welcome,”

the national anthem was sung, as stated above, and then the play of the evening, “The Seats of the Mighty,” by Gilbert Parker, was acted.

As evidence of the mere antiquity of the sentiment of invoking the protection of Providence over royalty, I give the final psalm or sextett and chorus from the very first English comedy we possess, which, oddly enough, was a musical comedy, or comedy with music—“Ralph Roister Doister”—in five acts, written

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by Nicholas Udall, who was appointed to prepare dialogues and interludes for Queen Mary in 1554. The play was composed between the years 1534 and 1541, though it was not printed until 1566. Nicholas Udall was a scholar, a schoolmaster, and a famous Latinist of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and in all probability "Ralph Roister Doister" was acted by his scholars at Eton and Westminster, he having been head master of both these colleges at different times.

“ The Lord preserve our most noble queen of renown,
And her virtues reward with the heavenly crown.
The Lord strengthen her most excellent majesty
Long to reign over us in all prosperity.
That her godly proceedings, the faith to defend,
He may 'stablish and maintain through to the end.
God grant her, as she doth, the Gospel to protect,
Learning and virtue to advance, and vice to correct.
God grant her loving subjects both the mind and grace
Her most godly proceedings worthily to embrace.
Her highness' most worthy counsellors, God prosper,
With honour and love of all men to minister.
God grant the nobility her to serve and love,
With the whole commonty, as doth them behove. Amen.”

This prayer has been recited at special performances of Shakespeare's plays, and in particular at the celebration of Stratford-on-Avon,

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April 23rd, 1897, in honour of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee.

I may state here that I am fully supported in my contention that Carey wrote the words and music of the national anthem by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould in his "English Minstrelsie;" at the same time I wish to add that Canon Harford, who has devoted much attention to the subject, has published a booklet in which his belief that the same was written as a Latin chorus for the Roman Catholic Chapel at St. James's, in 1687-88, presumably by a Roman Catholic, is fully set forth; but the arguments, though plausible, are not sufficiently convincing to convert me from my own views.

As far as I have been able to ascertain, "God Save the Queen" has escaped the parodist—except the unconscious humorist who will write continuations—but not the satirist. In his happiest vein Mr. W. S. Gilbert wrote in "His Excellency," with music by Dr. Osmond Carr (Lyric Theatre, October 27th, 1894), for the self-exiled Regent to sing:

"Like the Banbury Lady, whom everyone knows,
He's cursed with its music wherever he goes!
Though its words but imperfectly rhyme,
And the devil himself couldn't scan them,
With composure polite, he endures day and night
That illiterate National Anthem."

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Only one dramatist up to the present has christened a play by the title of the national anthem, and Mr. Allen Upward in June, 1897, sent forth a book called "God Save the Queen," a tale of '37. Though we call "God Save the Queen" the national anthem, more strictly it should be termed the national melody. Beethoven was a great admirer of this essentially British tune. He introduced it into his "Battle Symphony," and observed concerning his use of it: "I must show the English a little what a blessing they have in 'God Save the King.'"

Canon Harford, without getting over the difficulty of glorious and "over us," has written an "Imperial version of the National Anthem for the whole British Empire," with which I conclude:

"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

"God save our gracious Queen, Long live our Empress

Queen,

God save the Queen.

Send her victorious, happy and glorious,

Long to reign over us :

God save the Queen.

"O Lord our God arise. Scatter her enemies

And make them fall.

Bid strife and envy cease, brotherly love increase

Filling our homes with peace,

Blessing us all.

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- “ Thy choicest gifts in store still on VICTORIA pour,
Health might, and fame.
Long to her people dear, subjects her sway revere,
Nations afar and near
Honour her name.
- ‘ Through joy—through sorrow’s hour, Thou, LORD, her
guiding Power
Ever hast been.
Still bid Thine orb of day beam where her footsteps
stray ;
Still let Thy favouring ray
Shine on our Queen.
- ‘ Guard her beneath Thy wings, Almighty KING of KINGS,
SOV’REIGN Unseen.
Long may our prayer be blest, rising from East and
West,
As from one loyal breast ;—
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.”

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